WITHDRAWN

Pacific Christian College

Dr. Harold E. Hossom 1973

252 Mitchell
.681 The noblest quest

33469

Harold E. Hosson

HURST MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Pacific Christian College
2500 E. Nutwood
Fullerton, CA 92631

The Methodist Pulpit

The Noblest Quest

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/noblestquestothe0000unse

Charles Bayard Mitchell

The Noblest Quest

And Other Sermons

Preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church,
Cleveland, O.

By

CHARLES BAYARD MITCHELL,
Ph. D., D. D.
OF THE EAST OHIO CONFERENCE

HURST MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Pacific Christian College
2500 E. Nutwood
Fullerton, CA 92631

CINCINNATI: JENNINGS AND GRAHAM
NEW YORK: EATON AND MAINS

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY
JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

33469

To my Father
THE REV. D. P. MITCHELL

CONTENTS.

SERMON.		PAGE.
I.	The Noblest Quest,	9
II.	The Supreme Master,	29
III.	A Shameless Jew,	51
IV.	The Dignity of Labor,	69
V.	Remember Thy Creator,	85
VI.	A Deserted Grave,	105
VII.	Life's Jerusalem,	125
VIII.	The Impartial God,	143

I.

THE NOBLEST QUEST.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."—MATT. VI, 33.

THESE words form but a single sentence snatched from the most remarkable sermon ever preached,—the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon had a great preacher; great because He knew two important things, two things which are essential for every preacher to know,—He knew God, and He knew men. Too many modern preachers know men better than they know God. Some few may know God better than they know men. Knowledge of both is essential to the highest success.

That sermon had a great pulpit. It stood out under God's open sky, and out in God's open field. That sermon had a great hearing. The multitudes from neighboring villages and cities were crowding the hillside. They were there to listen to what this great preacher had to say That sermon pro-

duced a great effect. Everything about that occasion was great. We are not yet done measuring the greatness of that remarkable address. Yet a sermon must have more than a mighty preacher, a splendid pulpit, and a vast audience, to produce results that are immeasurable. It must have a mighty message; and this triumphant sermon had a message which has thrilled the generations. He held out the promise of a pure life to every fallen man. He told them that only such a life could be attained by the forsaking of their sins, and believing in Him as a personal Savior. He insisted that the noblest quest of every earnest life must be "the kingdom of God."

Nearly all the commandments have attached to them a promise in the form of a reward. In the command contained in this text Jesus attaches a most sweeping promise. He says, "All these things shall be added unto you." You will recall that He had just been talking about things very important to them; such things as wearing apparel, and food and drink. If we are wise, we are anxious to know what course we are to pursue in life which will secure such things for us. We need garments for our nakedness, and something more substantial than angels' food for our fare. We are in the habit of

saying that they who secure the good things of life are they who have learned best how to relate themselves to such questions as "How shall I be clothed?" and "What shall I eat?" The great mass of people live as though they thought that the chief end in life is to provide for the wants of the body. They call this life a "bread-and-butter battle." They say that that man only is wise and successful who knows how to secure for himself, and those dependent upon him, these physical requirements.

Now, here comes this great Preacher and says to that multitude who heard Him, and all the multitudes following, that the chief business in life is not to secure these physical necessities; that there is something even more important than food and raiment. He tells us that the chief thing to seek after is the very thing which most people think nothing about. He insists that we shall seek this higher good, and that while in pursuit of it, these other things will come to our hand as a natural consequence, without very much concern on our part. This seems like a strange philosophy that puts forth the theory that the things one so much desires and so much needs are to be set aside as a mere secondary consideration; and then, while in the pursuit of something else, these things will come along as a

matter of course. Yet those of us who have had much experience in the ways of the world have discovered that things very desirable in life are often more easily secured by not making a special effort to get them.

We have learned that, when we have busied ourselves to possess some things which we very much coveted, we lacked the ability to enjoy them. You will remember that Sancho Panza was very anxious to govern a little island of his own. When it at last came into his possession, he did not know what to do with it. This is but a comic portrayal of the experience of many people more practical than poor old Sancho. Pleasure is a thing for which most of the world is in hot pursuit; yet it is such a delicate thing that it is often missed by the very way people attempt to grasp it. It is well known that the least happy people in the world are often those who make a profession of seeking pleasure.

One day my train stopped in a grain-field in Holland. The wheat was dotted thick with blood-red poppies. I opened my compartment door, stepped out quickly, gathered an armful of the beautiful flowers and hastened into the car. To my surprise, I discovered that in my haste I had shaken the petals from off their stems, and there

was no beauty left in my hand. Then I understood what was meant by the poet when he said,

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, the bloom is shed."

Some of you have long anticipated some experience which you fancy would give you the highest delight. All my life long I had anticipated a ride down the wonderful Vale of Chamouni. The long-hoped-for day came when I was permitted to make that journey. Instead of viewing snow-capped mountains, listening to the music of a thousand waterfalls as they dropped into the valley, it rained all day long, and I was compelled to remain inside the diligence, and see little of the beauties of the far-famed valley.

Often, much of life's delights comes to us at times when we do not expect them, and in ways which we have not planned. I recall now a picture that I saw in the National Gallery in Dresden. A nun sat in her cell, holding in her hand a beautiful rose which had been thrown by an invisible hand through an open window. I doubt not its perfume was the sweeter and its beauty the more entrancing, because it had come to her so unexpectedly. After all, the most unexpected pleasures bring us the most

delight. I have no doubt that there are many here to-day who can testify that most of the good things which they have come to possess in this life came as a result of seeking other things which lay far beyond them. As a boy I soon discovered that I could only throw poorly. So when I played ball behind the bat, and wanted to throw to second base, I always aimed at the most distant fixed star. That is a wise advice given by Emerson: "Hitch your wagon to a star." It is only when we have lofty aims that we gain anything worth while. There are those who tell us to be sane and practical; to aim at the things near at hand; but the divine law runs counter to this sage philosophy of the world, and gives us to understand that if we aim at the distant, we will also secure that which is nigh. Many a man has sought to secure a good reputation among men, and utterly missed it. Whenever men seek sternly to perform their duty, regardless of what effect it may have on their reputation, they stand highest in the world's estimation. When those who are struggling on a sinking ship have the life-line thrown clear over and beyond their sinking vessel, they are far more apt to catch the line and be drawn in safety to the shore.

Moreover, I want to insist that often the things which appeal most to one's ambitions are unworthy of him.

In addressing this great multitude of young people to-day, hundreds of whom are on the threshold of active life, with your college career behind you, I am hoping that within the breast of each are the loftiest ambitions. I would not give much for your future were you lacking in ambition. I want you to seek the best things. I covet for you the richest gifts earth can bestow. Yet I want to warn you that you can not afford to waste your lives in the pursuit of things which are purely temporal. You will find it necessary to struggle to gain a place among men. Competition will be strong. The strife will be intense; and you will often grow weary in your struggle to maintain your place. The practical necessities of life will press you on. You will frequently be forced to remember that you have need of raiment and food and drink; but you must also remind yourself that these very necessary things are not the chief pursuits of a noble life. You will need money; but you must seek more than wealth. Worldly honors may be bestowed upon you, but your chief business will not be to secure

them. You must never forget that you yourself shall be when all these things are not. Do not make the mistake of the wise fool in the Scripture. He was not a fool because he obtained worldly success. He was not a fool because he would build larger barns for his increased harvest. He was a fool because he thought he could satisfy his soul with corn. He said to his soul, "Take thine ease, for I have much goods laid up in store for thee." He was a fool to think that the things that he had gained could satisfy the hunger of an immortal soul. His soul was starving in the midst of plenty; and he was a fool not to know it. You are larger than anything this world holds. You yourself are worth more than all the stars that glitter in the winter night. Do not allow yourself to live only for the things which perish in the using. Live for the highest things. Seek the kingdom of God. Get into it,—rather, let it get into you. The human soul is the only thing big enough to contain the kingdom of God. Jesus said, "The kingdom of God is within you." Let nothing less than this vast possession satisfy the ambition of your soul. Learn the laws of this kingdom and keep them. Get into harmony with this kingdom and enjoy its richest blessings. You will then discover that, having come into pos-

session of the highest things, you have, through the very process, prepared yourself for the gaining and the enjoying of the lower things. He only is equipped for the kingdom of earth who has found the kingdom of God. He only is best fitted for this earth who has qualified himself for the heavens. Get the kingdom, and the other things less valuable, and yet desirable and essential, will come naturally in its train.

¶ This remarkable statement of this great Preacher not only contains a promise, but it contains an emphatic command. He said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." One very naturally inquires what is meant by this thing called "the kingdom of God." One thing is sure, if God exists, He has a kingdom. If He has a kingdom, that kingdom has its laws, both written and unwritten. It also has its subjects who belong to it; who keep its laws and reverence its King. And wherever His laws are operating, and wherever obedient men and women are seeking to keep them, there is the kingdom of God. Go where any man is striving to do the will of his Heavenly Father; go where any earnest soul is struggling with temptation,—and there you will find that God has set up His kingdom. That kingdom can be

found in the palace or in the cottage. I can take you into the workshop, into the office, into the school-room, into the home, and show you where the kingdom of God is already established.

You ask me, "What does Jesus mean by *seeking* this kingdom?" I answer, "Surely, it must mean that we must recognize that the kingdom does exist; that we want to get into it, and be a part of it; to keep its laws and to advance its dominion."

The character of a man is determined by the things he most seeks and prizes. I am continually insisting in my ministry that the whole object of the divine effort amongst men is to get them to be Godlike. I am sure that God wants us to seek the kingdom, not so much that good may come to the kingdom, as that good may come to man *through* the kingdom. The kingdom exists for the good of man, and not man for the good of the kingdom. Jesus was always trying to get men to stretch themselves to the highest and noblest standards. He knew that the kingdom into which He would usher us, if we would only seek it, would furnish an environment for the development of the noblest character. Men take on the color of their surroundings; and the very government with which one is allied imparts to each citizen something of

the characteristics of the whole body. To belong to the Greek government in the time of Socrates was in itself a liberal education. No doubt Paul got something of the sweep and power of the Roman government into his nature from the fact that he boasted of being a Roman citizen. There is something in the mere citizenship in a republic like ours which broadens one's soul and puts it in sympathy with the universal struggle for liberty and freedom for all men. What must it not mean for any man's character to become a part of the kingdom of God? Let a man once comprehend something of the grandeur, stability, and endurance of the kingdom of God, and he will find his soul growing as seeds grow in fertile soil. I promise you young people here to-day, that three elements will enter into your character if you seek and find the kingdom of God. These three things are essential to every successful life. The lack of them, no matter what else is possessed, leaves a weak and worthless character.

I promise you that if you seek and find the kingdom of God you shall in the first place discover your character growing big and broad with the breadth of the kingdom into which you have come. The trouble with the average man is that he lives in too

small a world. He has no large outlook. His energies are too much confined to the trivial and the little. The soul can not grow in a little world. The temptation to so many is to be satisfied with the little and the commonplace. Too many of us see the world only through a narrow slit. Many of us can get down on our knees and look through a keyhole with both eyes wide open. The world needs to-day broad-minded men and women. It is the narrow man who makes all our trouble. It is this narrowness which is creeping into our religious life, making us fanatics. It is this element that makes the crank. The truth is, there is no one creed broad enough to take in all truth. All our creeds might well have written across them the word "amplius," which Angelo wrote across the narrow, contracted painting of his pupil. All our theological creeds need to be ampler, larger, broader. O, if men would only learn to take their stand by the side of Christ, and view the world from the angle of vision with which He beholds it! How the horizon would stretch out before us, and how many more lovely blessings and beautiful things would sweep into our larger vision!

If we live more in the atmosphere of the kingdom of God, our opinions will be less selfish, our

ideas less narrow, and our creeds less exclusive, and we would discover our characters growing like trees in the genial sunshine of summer. I would not lead you to conclude, from what I am saying, that this breadth of outlook is a simple, suave indifference to what one may hold to be the truth. It is easy to be broad when there is no depth. We are apt to be so broad and so thin that our thinking has no moral consistency. I plead for a breadth of character which is only another name for that divine sympathy which knows how to appreciate the view-point of another; and that splendid generosity which attributes an honest motive to him who may differ from us. If you want to get the best conception of this beautiful city, you will not get it by walking its streets and measuring it with a surveyor's chain. But you will get a better view of the city by rising to some eminence and then taking in with the sweep of the eye the vast stretches from that loftier outlook.

I have no doubt that you will find breadth coming to your character by the wise and careful study of the thoughts and opinions of many minds; but I insist to tell you that I know no way by which you may get such breadth of character, such lofty conceptions of living, as by mingling in the society

of Him who is able to lead you out into the broadest fields of contemplation. Note the purposes of God. Learn His plans, and get in sympathy with His kingdom, and you can not be narrow.

There is another quality in human character which is always admirable; if it is lacking in the most distinguished he is universally despised. Youth needs to be on its guard here. You are entering upon life's duties and striving to make a place for yourself in the world. In this competing world, no one else will give way for you. Each must look out for himself and win his own way. Herein is the danger. The personal struggle will beget selfishness. You will find yourself giving too much thought to things which are yours, and not enough to the things which belong to others. Do not lose your self-respect in your strivings for your own. "Take heed unto thyself;" but also be on your constant guard lest you grow selfish. I want you to get into the kingdom of God because there you will find it easier "to look upon the things of others." Selfishness can not flourish in the soil of the kingdom of God. I promise you that if you seek and find the kingdom of God, no sooner will you have entered it than all that ugly selfishness will have dropped from you. You may get into the

kingdom by seeking your own good; that is necessary; but I warrant you that you will not stay in the kingdom if you continue to seek only your own good. I covet for you young people the character graced by this Christly unselfishness; and that is why I want you to obey the command and seek FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness. I know full well that your character will not be beautified unless you catch the spirit and emulate the example of Jesus Christ, the Founder of this kingdom.

Another reason why I am anxious that you shall seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness is, that if you thus come into possession of it your character will take on another royal attribute of the kingly soul. For the want of a better name, I call it "eternalness." So many good things in life are ephemeral. They are so short-lived. There are elements in character which are beautiful and attractive, and yet they are not essential. Jesus came to show men that the greatest thing in the world is the individual soul. God Himself, in the person of His Son, traversed the universe in search of a lost soul. That is the one thing in the universe which has in it the element of perpetuity. It can not die. Now, I contend that the soul's character should take

on something of the solidity and permanency of that kingdom, which, unlike other earthly kingdoms which so quickly pass away, shall abide forever. I intimated a while ago that to belong to a government like that which had its capital on the Tiber, and which was supposed to be so strong that it could never cease to be, was to give to the citizen something of the same feeling of stability and permanency. Surely, there is a type of character which can only be produced by citizenship in the kingdom which gives promises of eternal duration. I feel sure that once you have entered the kingdom of God, you will find your powers broadening; and as you throw out your energies along the outgoing of the divine laws, you will find yourself growing virile and mighty, taking on the very qualities of the kingdom of God.

Let me, in conclusion, urge the members of this graduating class to put the accent upon the word "FIRST" in this text of ours. You are on life's open threshold. You have been dreaming what your life-work would be; wondering what success is awaiting you out in the world into which you are hastening. You are pausing here this morning, amid the environment of this Commencement-time, and all this is like the launching of a ship amid the

shouts of the watching multitude. Doubtless the more thoughtful of you have been looking beyond this day of the launching. You are anticipating the storms which will sweep over your life's bark when once you are put out fairly to sea. Many of you are to have a struggle to secure a firm footing in the world; and with the most of you it will be a serious problem to secure the needy raiment and the necessary bread. Hence, you will find yourselves tempted to keep these divine claims, of which I have been speaking, in the background of your life. You will say to yourself, "I will think of these higher relations to God when I get settled in life. I will attend to the more needy questions now." I want to assure you that you will never be called on in all your career to decide a more important question than the one I put to you this hour. It is vital now. It will help you settle other questions which may arise. Once get yourself properly related to God's kingdom, and all other things will easily right themselves. I tremble as I look into your faces this hour, knowing your possibilities and your dangers. You young people have so much at stake. There are a thousand things you must not do; there are a thousand places you must not go; there are a thousand words you must not speak; you have too much

at stake. Listen! It is in the days of the bloody Commune in Paris. Hear the rumble and roar of the mob as it sweeps down the Rue de Madelaine and out into the Place de Guillotine. Now, they are pounding down the gates of the Tuileries gardens; and now, they are thundering at the doors of the palace. They drag out Louis XVI. They bind him hand-and-foot, and place his head upon the cruel block. They touch the spring, and the knife severs the head from the body. Later, they repair again to the palace, and bring out the queen, Marie Antoinette. They lead her to the same cruel block, and the same awful fate. Now they bring out the little Dauphin, the heir to the French throne,—he who is to be Louis XVII; but, alas! he never became such. There he stands with his golden locks falling down upon his shoulders, clad in softest velvet, trembling and fearing for his life. The mob shouts: "To the guillotine with the Dauphin!" "An end of royalty!" And as they are about to lead him to the bloody block, one man in the crowd cries, "Hold! Don't do that! You will only send him to heaven; I 'll tell you what to do,"—but before he could speak, the mob cries, "Vive la Republique! Vive la Republique! To the guillotine with the Dauphin!" And when the mob has shouted

itself hoarse and has ceased for a moment, this man cries out again, "Do n't you do that! I 'll tell you what to do; hand the little fellow over to 'Old Meg'" (she was the vilest woman in Paris), "and let her clothe him in rags, feed him on filth, and teach him to lie and to steal and to swear, and all the practices of the gamin of the town; let Old Meg damn his soul and send the little devil to hell!" Somehow the diabolical suggestion met a responsive chord in the breast of the cruel mob. And so, according to some historians (we know they differ), they handed the little Dauphin over to Old Meg. She clad him in rags. She fed him with the cast-out food gathered from the barrels on the boulevards in the early morning. She taught him to lie, and swear, and steal, and all the wicked ways of the gamin. But it is said that every now and then when Old Meg would have him speak a word a little viler than any he had yet spoken, he would clench his little royal fists, and stamp his little royal foot, and say, "I will not say it! I will not say it! I will not say it! For I was born to be a king, and I will not say it!"

I repeat to you, there are a thousand places you must not go. There are a thousand things you must not do. There are a thousand words which

you must not speak. You have too much at stake. You, too, are born to be kings and queens! Seek ye that kingdom of God, of which you are rightful heirs, and in which on some golden morrow, you shall wear your rightful crowns.

II.

THE SUPREME MASTER.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."—JOHN II, 5.

AT the first wedding of earth, the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden was heard talking face to face with the happy pair. When sin entered their hearts they went out from His presence, and lived in an environment where the accents of His voice were never heard. From that dark hour man only heard the rushing of God's chariot wheels; but never beheld the glory of His person. Amidst the rolling of thunder man heard not His voice, but saw only the marks of His finger prints on tables of stone. Sheltered in the rock on the mountain side, he dared not look as God walked by. Through all the centuries man waited for the promised coming of His Lord. By faith only did he pierce the veil of the future, catch glimpses of His beauty and hear the sweet accents of His voice. From the time of that first wedding in Eden, until that other wedding in Cana, the divine voice had

not been heard. Christ honored by His presence, the first wedding under the old dispensation, and, again by His presence, the first wedding under the new. The voice was silenced in Eden, but heard once more in Cana. The Master of all worlds was there in human flesh to assert His reign and publish His law. It was left for a woman—the virgin mother—to grasp the great fact of His Divinity, and to inform the waiting world that "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

My text naturally divides itself into three parts, by the emphasis placed upon three words:

First.—"Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," —with the accent upon "He." There is only One who can speak with supreme authority, and man has ever been seeking that kingly voice. The history of the race has always been a dark seeking after God; not only the most enlightened people, but the benighted savage of every clime has engaged in this search. There is a divine intimation in the soul itself that there is a God somewhere to be found. A vine may creep along the ground, but its upward-stretching tendrils is a token that it was made to climb. The philosopher Krause affirmed, "It is impossible for man to be in a stage of development so low as not in some manner to inquire

after the Divine." Jacobi held that our feelings tend toward God, and to them He reveals Himself; and that a man need but know himself in order to find God. "Faith in God is instinctive," Lichtenberg exclaimed. "This heavenward tendency is no human invention. God made man erect and gave his inner eye to glance toward Himself." The very spirit in many who seek with such diligence to deny Him, is one of the strongest proofs that God exists. Surely, when men so widely separated by time and distance find within themselves an earnest longing to find the Originator of their being and the One worthy of their love, worship, and service, we are justified in concluding that God, the Creator of us all, does not mock His children by inspiring them with a longing which can never be satiated.

No atom in all God's material creation has ever dared to disobey the slightest law of its Maker. In this scientific age we are coming to understand as never before, the absolute inviolability of the divine law. Every atom in nature exists under the supremacy of the divine mandate. It is unthinkable to consider for a moment the rebellion of an atom against the government under which it exists. So true is this that no one ever imagined that any moral quality could possibly be attributed to

any physical substance for its perfect obedience to any physical law. I once rode with an engineer in his engine. At one time when the great locomotive was drawing the train with great ease and rapidity, all the parts working beautifully together, creating that humming music so dear to the heart of the experienced engineer, he leaned out the window and patted the great sides of the mighty engine, and affectionately said, "Go it, old girl; you 're doing nobly!" I smiled at the man's evident affection for his great machine, and somewhat approved of the spirit in which he appreciated the perfection of its working; and yet I knew, and *you* know, that that engine deserved no credit for what it was doing—it could not do otherwise. There can never be any moral quality attached to an action which is not a voluntary action. I repeat that all parts of God's inanimate kingdom are obedient members of God's great physical universe. If we take a step higher in creation we may also see with equal clearness that every member of the brute creation yields the utmost deference to divine authority. No animal, either great or small, ever for one moment entertained rebellion in its heart. We say, all its acts are instinctive. We mean by that that it acts from a force without it—superior to it and above it, and

not as the result of its own individual reasoning. This explains the accuracy and perfection of many actions of the brute creation which astonish and mystify us. Animals seem to be able to do with ease what the highest human intelligence can not even comprehend. Who has not been appalled at the homing instinct of the pigeon, and the keen vision and scent of many of the lower forms of animal life. The bee constructs its comb, the stork builds its nest on high, the beaver constructs its dam,—all in harmony with the law of God stamped upon its own nature, against which it is incapable of rebellion. No thoughtful person ever seriously accuses any brute of performing a wrong action. No sane man ever grows angry at the action of a beast. It does what it does because of the supreme law of God acting upon it; and it does well, not because it wants to; nor ill, becauses it desires to; but what it does it does because it must. There is no element of voluntariness in its action; and hence, there is no moral quality attached to anything which it does. Let us remember, then, that atom and beast alike are obedient to the divine law, and incapable of choosing to rebel against it.

Man alone, of all God's earthly creation, is the one creature capable of knowing what his Maker

would have him do, and then left free to obey or not, as he shall elect. Man is coming more and more to find himself penetrated and surrounded by the edicts of his Divine Master. He has long since learned that he may obey these laws or not. He has learned how to pit one law against another, and make the lower law give way in the presence of the higher. He has also learned that if he choose he may interject his will against the outgoing of the divine mandate, and thereby suffer the consequences. He has long since learned that his very life depends upon his obedience to some of the laws of God. Many of the divine laws are kept for purely selfish purposes. He has learned that fire burns, and water drowns, and poison kills. He has also learned the lesson that his own powers can only be exercised to their highest efficiency when working in harmony with the divine law. He long since discovered his own weak strength; but he has learned the uses of the lever and the pulley and the wedge. And away back in the dawn of history he learned how, by working in harmony with the divine law, to cut giant rocks from the quarry and construct the time-defying pyramids. Long ago he learned how to spread his sail and make the very ongoing forces of the wind do his bidding. Later,

he learned how to wed the fire to the water, and when the child of steam was born, to harness it to his machine and make it his abject slave. In these later times he is beginning to understand the mysterious forces of electricity, so that he has made the very electric fluid his errand boy to carry his messages from house to house, from city to city, and from land to land around the world. The great scientific discoverers of our time have long since learned that if they would perform the wonders which are astonishing the men of our time, they must discover the secret laws of nature and work in harmony with them. Indeed, it can be said that our proud modern civilization is due to nothing more nor less than the discovery of God's law and absolute obedience thereto.

The human being has made a study of himself and discovered that he is a compound creature, composed of things which are physical, intellectual, and spiritual. He has come to understand something of the laws which regulate his physical being, his mental action, and his moral nature. He has discovered that God has distinctly legislated for each department of his nature. Hence, he has learned to construct his geologies from a study of the rocks; his botanies from a study of the flowers; and his as-

tronomies from a study of the stars. He has learned much of physiology and hygiene and materia medica. He has also, with that rare power given him, divorced himself from himself, and stood off and studied his own mental action. He has watched his own mentality in all its delicate and subtle action; and hence he has been able to construct his psychologies. He has learned that what man calls the laws of logic, or a kind of mental causation, is nothing more nor less than the operation of the divine law in the realm of the human intellection. The peculiarity of our time is this,—that now, as never before, psychology is coming to be almost an exact science. One need not read only his Bible to discover that God has as surely legislated for man's moral nature; let him study the springs of his own action; let him become familiar with the moral qualities in all that he says and does; let him keenly observe the promptings of his own conscience, and then, in addition thereto, familiarize himself with the moral qualities in the acts of his fellows, and he will be convinced that just as surely as there is a law of gravitation there is a law of the soul.

Now, also, the thoughtful man, who has made these discoveries to which I have referred, also has

come to discern that the laws governing these various realms are equally authoritative. Spiritual and intellectual laws are no less mandatory and authoritative that the laws which regulate in the realm of matter. In this age, which may well be called the age of law, because man recognizes as never before the authority of the divine, it is well for us to remind ourselves that God is as arbitrary in his requirements, He is as insistent upon His laws being kept and obeyed in the realm of morals as in the realm of physics. As surely as there is a law that says that bodies shall attract each other according to their size and distance, so God says that, "Except ye repent, ye shall perish." God has stamped the moral law in our natures and printed it in our Bibles, and no thoughtful man will repudiate the rightful authority of his God in the realm of morality any more than he will question the authority of his God in the realm of matter.

The facts in the case warrant me in the utterance of this bold assertion: that God places the utmost stress on obedience to those laws which govern the highest realm of our being. I make this assertion based on two facts; the first is this: The method employed in declaring the laws which govern the

various realms of our being. Those laws which have to do with our lower nature, which touch only our physical and temporal being, are left for us to discover for ourselves. We have been learning through the centuries the laws which regulate our physical being. In fact, every new-born man is left largely to discover for himself that fire will burn him, and that certain foods do not agree with him, and that there are a thousand things which he must not do, if he would maintain his healthy well-being. Even when we enter the realm of the intellect, where law reigns as supremely as elsewhere, we discover that the great laws which control our mental action are left entirely to our own discovery of them. But as soon as we step up into the high and lofty realm of our moral and spiritual nature, we are brought face to face with laws which are not left to be discovered by mere accident or experience; but which, being the expression of the divine will concerning us, are in harmony with the pure and holy character of our supreme Master, and are only to be known by us when God speaks forth the truth directly in our hearing. In the dawn of human history, God revealed His will to men in direct ways, of which we now know little. One thing is sure,—they were not left in doubt as to

what was the will of God concerning their moral action. There came a time when God gave them in tangible form on tables of stone the written word which was to rule for all time the moral action of God's intelligent human creation. In the providence of God, there has been placed in our hands in a language we understand, in a way we can comprehend, so simple that "a warfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein," the laws of our eternal God, which are to regulate our moral action and keep us in harmony with the divine will. Physical law and mental law may be stumbled on by the casual searcher after truth; but when man would act in matters in which character and destiny are involved God would have those actions controlled and regulated by a clear-cut law, about which man shall in no way be in doubt. And so, I argue that God attaches supreme authority and importance to His spiritual laws, because of the peculiarity of the method employed in declaring them.

The second fact which leads me to the conclusion I have just reached is, that the rewards and punishments connected with the observance or violation of the higher laws, are such as to make clear that God attaches greater importance to *their* observance than to the laws which regulate in the

lower realms. It is a serious matter to violate any law of God. Every law of the Eternal is composed of two parts,—the precept and the penalty. If one violate the law, the precept must act, and the violator suffer the penalty; or, the precept must react, and the government of God suffer. God will maintain the authority and dignity of His reign. God's law always acts, and there follows reward, or punishment, as the case may be. I argue that physical penalties for the violation of physical laws are not commensurable with the penalties attached to the violation of moral law. Just so surely as moral delights are superior to physical delights, so surely are the rewards of keeping God's moral law infinitely superior to any reward that may come to him who keeps merely a physical law. When I consider the infinite reward which God attaches to moral righteousness, and the awful penalty which He attaches to the violation of His moral mandates, and compare them with the minor effects which follow either the observance or non-observance of the physical law, I am led overwhelmingly to the conclusion that God places the utmost stress on obedience to those laws which govern man's highest being.

All this which I have been saying leads me now

to the conclusion, that every wise man will be obedient to the divine voice, disregarding, if need be, all other authority. Whatsoever He saith unto him, the wise man will do.

We are apt to think more of man's law than of God's law. Many a citizen prides himself upon his obedience to the civil law, who has no shame in declaring that he is disobedient to God's law. Foolish men think that they will stand uncondemned before the final bar of the Eternal, because they have been on earth good citizens, kind husbands, indulgent fathers, congenial neighbors. There is current among men the notion that social and civil respectability are sufficient. Whereas, in truth, every thoughtful man ought to see that no man can stand before God who has bent the knee to mere social or civil requirements, in order to maintain himself in some degree of petty respectability, who at the same time has lifted his puny arm in rebellion against Jehovah, and has defied the very laws of the Almighty.

There is in all of us too great a sensitiveness to the opinion which men may have concerning us. We are all over-anxious to appear well before our fellows. We want to make a good impression upon our kind. We wear our best clothes in company.

We keep the brasses on our front door shining. We put our best foot forward. We have our company manners. We want to be on the popular side. And there are those among us who fear more the ostracism of some social leader which may shut them out from the so-called "smart set" or coveted social coterie, and who yet, at the same time, have no fear of God's condemnation and are not sensitive to the opinion which the Supreme Master may have of them.

Too many of us are apt to have more pride in the thought that we deal justly to our fellow-men; that we always give thirty-six inches to the yard, and pay one hundred cents on the dollar, and are absolutely square in all our relations in business life, than we have pride in the fact that we deal justly with the God who created us, who redeemed us, who sustains and keeps us, and in whom we live, move, and have our being. What can be said strong enough in condemnation of him who feels proud that he is grateful to his fellows, and has no stinging sense of shame over his own ingratitude towards God? Many a man in dying has said to me in apology for his having left God out of all his thoughts, "I have wronged no man,"—as though that were a sufficient excuse for having wronged

God all his life. Let us ever remember that the whole keynote of the Gospel is summed up in that remarkable utterance of Peter: "Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." Mark the emphasis upon that word "Lord," which means Master. No man can comprehend the Eternal, who does not recognize God as the Supreme Master. The very heart of the religion of Jesus is the recognition of Him as the Supreme Lord of our life. It was Paul who, on one important occasion said, "We preach Christ Jesus as Lord." Then let us away with the soft sentimentality that concludes that if we wear good clothes, move in good society, pay our honest debts, stand well with our fellows, have sense enough to keep a reasonable degree of health, and acquire a comfortable competency, we have made out of our life a good, fair success. Let us know from this hour that that man only is wise, that that life only is well lived, which recognizes the supreme authority of the Divine Christ, and which listens to Mary as she speaks, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it."

Now, let us put the accent upon another word in this text. Let us put the emphasis upon the

"Whatsoever:" "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." That means that we are expected and required to obey the divine voice in *all* things.

Some of us are willing to "pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin;" but omit the weightier matters of the law. There are those of us who are willing to do those things which do not require much sacrifice. If we can do anything which will not interfere with our pleasure, our comfort, our convenience, or our business, we will do it. If the weather will not endanger our health, we will go to church and honor God by our presence in His sanctuary. If our business arrangements do not interfere, we will even give an hour some week-day to the service of God's church. If our social engagements do not interfere, we will even let God have one hour of one evening in the week, to attend prayer-meeting. But we must not be expected to make much sacrifice in doing the will of our Supreme Master.

There are others of us who are willing to pay, but we are unwilling to pray. We do that which is easiest. It requires less effort or consecration upon our part to pay one dollar than to make one prayer. Every church has in it people who would far rather

give their money than lend their voice to lead in public prayer.

And there are those who are willing to pray, but are not willing to pay. It seems to them so much cheaper and easier to talk than to make any sacrifice in the way of a monetary gift. Every church has in it people who can pray and pay, but who prefer to pray rather than pay; who somehow seem to think that their punctilious performance of religious service will excuse them from making any sacrifice of their worldly possessions. I am sure I am not astray when I say that this supreme mandate of our Lord and Master includes both kinds of service: that, if we can not pay and can pray, we are to do that which we can; but that if we can pay and pray, we are to do both. We do not rid ourselves of one obligation by performing the other,—"*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it."

Some are willing to do some great thing, but fail to do the little things required. There are many people ambitious to do some great thing in life that will render them conspicuous as a devoted servant of the living God. Let us at this point remind ourselves that after all it is easier to do a great thing than a little thing for God. The great things are

usually done under the glare of the public eye, and under the inspiration of some great occasion, and the thing done stands out with great prominence before the eyes of all. The little things in life are done ofttimes in secret, with no hope of reward, with no impetus given by admiring friends and onlookers; but done simply and purely from a high sense of duty and devotion. We need to be reminded that the things most praised by our Master were done by obscure disciples in ways modest and undemonstrative. He commends one, who has gained eternal renown, because he gave simply a cup of cold water in His name. Once a woman broke an alabaster box of spikenard on His feet, and His praise of the act has filled the whole earth, like the perfume that filled the room. Once a poor widow cast her two mites into the treasury, and the Master's praise has recorded that act for all time, because those two little mites made jingling music that day in the Temple treasury.

The fact is, that the greatest heroes in human history are the unsung heroes. We hear now and then of some hero who astonishes men by the daring of his deed, and the unselfishness of his action; but there are no books voluminous enough in which to have recorded the heroic acts done by God's quiet

and unknown heroes in almost every home in the land. The fact is, that it is the performance of the little duty that develops the great characters. The deed may make a big reputation, but the big deed was only made possible by the performance of the little deeds, repeated over and over again in the quiet, unseen places of daily life.

A mother received a letter of congratulation upon the heroic deed performed by her son in an hour of his country's danger; a deed which brought to that son immortal renown; but she, answering the letter to a friend, said, "I was not surprised at what my boy did; it was just like him. It was no surprise to me."

So let us remember that our characters, which are to constitute our *real* selves for eternity, are taking on shape and beauty by the strict observance of the divine law,—in the little as well as in the big things of our daily living; and that there is a sublime philosophy in the requirement of our Supreme Master, in His requirement of our observance of His law, even to the minutest detail. Each of us needs to obey the injunction of Mary, "*Whatsoever* He saith unto you, do it."

Now, let us put the accent on the third word—"Whatsoever He saith unto *YOU,* do it." The

voice is personal and addressed to *you*. No man can lose himself in the mass, or the crowd. God's law applies to each man. It comes to individuals and not to masses. When we consider how God has legislated for the generation, life, and propagation of the minutest, infinitesimal animalcule, myriads of which may live in a drop of water hanging pendant from your finger-tip, it is not so hard for us to understand how the eternal God may legislate for man made in His image. If God knows how to reach the smallest insect and legislate for his circumscribed life, how much more does He know how to reach the individual life of every man, and make laws which will govern, save, and uplift him! Do not think, my brother, that there is any likelihood of your being overlooked in any crowd. It will be of no satisfaction to you to be consumed in the great holocaust, knowing that a thousand others like you have been consumed in the flames. Rest assured that no reward can come to any vast multitude in which you are included without your having some personal delight and pleasure at the grand consummation. You, as an individual, stand out alone before God, and each is to give an account of himself to the Eternal. Remember that God, the Supreme Master, has spoken directly to you by His

Holy Spirit to your conscience, giving you to know what your duty is. He has not left it alone to another; but He, Himself, has stepped within the sacred inclosure of your own conscience, and in a way that you can not explain, and yet, in a way which you may feel and *know,* he has communicated His will to your soul. And then, by His revealed will in His written Word, He has come directly to your own life and spoken to your own spirit. He has made His will so clearly known in that book we call the Bible, that you, unlettered it may be and unlearned, may know enough of what His will is concerning you, to find your way through this world to another,—out of darkness into light. Furthermore, He has spoken to you by the voice of a living ministry, and He has sent within the sound of your hearing the voice of one called to that splendid mission,—of warning and *entreating* you to keep His holy law. And in addition to His Spirit, His Word, and His ministry, by His providential dealings with you, He has spoken to your heart. In some business disaster, in some hour of personal illness, in some clouded day when your loved one has been laid cold and silent in the casket, —when other voices have been hushed, God's voice

has come to you, warning you, calling you, pleading with you to follow Him and be saved.

I ask you to-day, are you counted among those who are obeying, or among those who are defying God's law? Your success here and now, as well as your success there and hereafter, all hinge upon your answer to this question, "Are you obedient or disobedient to the Supreme Master?"

I heard not long ago of a switchman who saw his little child playing in front of the coming express on the main line over which the train was passing. It was too late for him to throw the switch. It was too late for him to rescue the child. It was too late for the child to attempt to leave the track. And so, with overpowering voice, he cried to the little one, as the train came thundering down the track, "Lie down!" The child, trained to obedience, did as the father bade her, and immediately dropped prone between the ties. The train passed over the little one in safety. Obedience had saved the child.

O, men and women, who hear me this day, your Supreme Master speaks to you, "Whatsoever He saith unto YOU, do it." If you obey Him, you will be saved! If you disobey Him, you will be lost!

III.

A SHAMELESS JEW.

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."—ROM. 1, 16.

WHO said that? The value of a thing depends largely upon who says it. Words may be bullets, but character must be the powder back of them to give them projectile force. These words I have spoken have been hurled around the world and across eighteen centuries of time. The man behind the message is as important as the man behind the gun. Who spoke them? Paul. Tell me, who was he?

He was a Jew, with Jewish prejudices. That means that he had the notion that God was partial and cared more for the Jew than for all the world beside. He had been brought up to believe that his God was a great Jew and had granted special privileges and prerogatives to the Jewish people, and had passed over in His regard all the other nations of earth. It was one of the most difficult tasks

Jesus had to perform to get the Jewish disciples to be willing to carry the glad message to the people who dwelt beyond Jewry. There was not a member of the early Apostolic College tall enough to look over his Jewish prejudices and become an apostle to the Gentiles. They were unlearned, ignorant men, with not only the prejudices of the Jew, but with the prejudices of ignorance. Most of them carried with them to their graves the smell of fish about their garments. When God would select a Jew to become a messenger to the Gentiles, it was necessary to select the most cultivated, broad-minded Jew of that time. And so, a man who had been brought up in the learning of the Jews, and at the same time filled with all the knowledge of the classic schools of his time, was the one man selected, after some years of separation from his fellows and lonely training in Arabia, to carry the glad message to the regions beyond. This man as a Jew was possessed of the Jew's spiritual insight; for the Jews, through long generations of training, had come to think much of the spiritual and the eternal. Just as the Roman had a genius for government, and the Greek had a genius for philosophy, so the ancient Jew had a genius for religion. He, by the improvement of the opportunities given him,

had developed his spiritual nature far away and beyond anything to be found among the Gentile nations. This Jew who wrote these words, while possessed of the Jewish prejudices and trained in the Jewish schools, was also trained in the knowledge of the Greek philosophies and literatures and was possessed of a keen spiritual vision which enabled him to see things which are invisible. This sort of a Jew, surely, was well qualified to express an opinion upon almost any matter.

Paul was not only a Jew, but a Roman citizen. He had been born in a Roman province. From his boyhood he was familiar with the sight of marching Roman legions, bearing aloft their victorious eagles, and also familiar with the sound of the rumbling chariot wheels. His parents, evidently, were people of wealth and opportunity, and were citizens of the Roman Empire. This fact gave to their son equal prerogatives and privileges as a citizen in the great Roman government. He had grown up possessing a pride begotten of the fact that he was a part of the great empire which had cast up its roads in all parts of the known world, and had made all nations tributary to the government whose capital was on the Tiber. If any man of his time knew what Roman power was, it was Paul.

Moreover, Paul was a Greek scholar. He knew the best which the unaided human mind had achieved. He had thought out all the Greek philosophies and was perfectly familiar with the best thoughts of the great minds which made Greece forever memorable. The poets were at his finger tips, and he could quote them as easily as he could his Isaiah or his David. No man has ever read his letter to the Romans in the original who has not been impressed with the remarkable command he had of the Greek vernacular. Greek scholars will bear me witness that there has come down to us from ancient times no Greek manuscript so idiomatic and difficult to translate into modern English as the Greek of Paul; especially his letter to the Romans.

Knowing now who this man was who wrote these remarkable words, I fancy I hear some Roman ask him, "What are you not ashamed of, Paul?" and he answers unblushingly, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." He replies: "*What!* The Gospel of Christ,—of Jesus of Nazareth? Why; he was a Jew, and you being a Jew yourself, know that He was rejected and crucified at the command of your own people. He was cast out by His own folk and despised by the orthodox

Churchmen of His day. No man in all Jewish history ever had harsher things to say of respectable, well-reputed Jews in Jerusalem than He did. The best people of His own time were glad to get rid of Him, and they finally brought Him to the most ignominious death. How can it be that a cultivated, educated Jew, like yourself, can have any dealings with a despised Nazarene? Why, Paul, He was a Jew, and you, as a Roman citizen, can not claim fellowship with a despised member of a race whom the Romans themselves, by the exercise of the power they had in Palestine, put to death. To be sure, the Jews commended it, but the representative of the Roman Government was the legal authority which uttered the decree and accomplished His crucifixion. You are proud of your Roman citizenship, and do you not recall that it was your own nation that sanctioned and authorized the putting away of this very man whom the Jews had cast out? Why, Paul, He was a Jew, and you, as a cultured Greek scholar, familiar with Socrates and Plato and all the deepest learning of the most cultivated people in human history,—how can *you* accept the teachings of a Galilean carpenter, of whom it is well known He never went to school? He was brought up in an obscure village, and was known

as an untutored peasant. He never traveled beyond the confines of His own little country, and knew nothing of the great world of thought that lay beyond the sky-line of His own little world. And here are you expressing yourself as not ashamed of such a man, and are asking us who dwell here amid the glories of the Roman Empire, surrounded by all the evidences of Greek culture and learning, to believe in such a fellow. Tell me, Paul, why is it that you, a Jew, are not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ?" — "Now I answer whom he"

I hear him say, "Well, if you press the question I will tell you. I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for three reasons: First, because 'it is the power of God.'"

The dumb brute may quail in the presence of the coming storm and recoil instinctively from the presence of coming disaster; but man, of all God's creatures, is able to appreciate the sublimity of God's power in operation. There have been three experiences in my life in which I was filled with awe. In the earlier years of my ministry, I saw a western cyclone, and only those of you who have gone through a like experience have been impressed with the awful, immeasurable power of the ongoing forces of the invisible wind. Since that day I have

been convinced that more than wind in motion produces the terrible havoc. I am inclined to the opinion that there are electric forces yoked to the moving wind, and that much of the destruction is caused by electric power. That day I saw vast forest trees go down like grain before the reaper.

One day I crawled under the American falls at Niagara, and by the help of my guide found my way down on a rock at the base of the overleaping torrent. As I looked up through the mist at that thundering cataract, my soul was filled with awe, in contemplation of the mighty power displayed.

On another day I had climbed up the steep sides of the cone of the volcano of Vesuvius, and stood on the edge of its yawning maw. At frequent intervals there would be a tremendous explosion of gas in the regions below, hurling great rings of smoke and vapor into the sky above my head. Then silence would follow for an interval, and then a tremendous explosion would come which hurled molten lava and great masses of stone, red-hot, for hundreds of feet into the air above me, most of which fell back into the yawning mouth of the volcano. Standing there, with the earth trembling beneath my feet, and noting the tremendous explosions, hurling vast tons into the air for hundreds of

feet above my head, I was impressed with the tremendous power that God had locked up in the bowels of the earth. These three experiences were of such a character as to stir the stolid soul of an American Indian.

But the thoughtful soul in its higher moods is moved even more in contemplating the divine power which is manifested in the silent and orderly outgoing of nature's forces. Stand on the river's brink and note its sweeping current rushing on to the sea, and try, if you can, to measure the power it represents. Stand on some crag on the ocean shore and note the irresistible flood as it comes in with the tide, and measure, if you can, the power that pushes those leagues on leagues of water toward the shore. Go down into the bowels of some great transatlantic steamship and see the working of its mighty engines as the steam expands in its great steam-chests, turning those mighty shafts to which are attached the revolving screws which hurl thousands of tons of steel and freight and human life at the rate of twenty knots an hour, in the face of a driving northwestern storm, and you get some idea of the awful power God has locked up in the silent forces of overheated water. The thoughtful man will even be more impressed with the power of

God as he stands out under the open sky in the budding springtime, and sees grasses, flowers, and trees taking on the new green color of the spring, and contemplates how, by the marvelous attractive power of the sun, millions of tons of sap and vegetable matter are being lifted up against the law of gravitation, and turning all brown nature into living green. Who has not felt his soul stirred as he has stood on some winter night and looked up into the face of the winter stars and attempted to comprehend what it must mean to hold those glittering worlds in their orbits, and keep each one moving according to its appointed schedule, without jarring or clashing against its fellows? *O, the awful power of God!* Let us remember that Paul was writing to Roman citizens, who, like himself, and yet, possibly, with larger opportunities of observation, were familiar with the crushing, overwhelming power of that vast empire. He wants those people to know that he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, because it is the power of One vaster than the pampered emperor in the palace,—the power of the Eternal God.

But Paul says, "I have a better reason than that. It is this: 'It is the power of God unto salvation.'" It is a grand thing to create; to hurl worlds from

the finger tips and fill the empty spaces with burning suns. Our God is so great that it is easy for Him, being the Master of all matter and the origin of all life, to create a world. It would be easy for Him to grasp a world like ours in His omnipotent palm and crush it as you would an egg-shell in your hand, and then blow the meteoric fragments into space with His omnipotent breath, and then, at His will, reassemble all its parts and flush it with life and beauty. No man who has the gift of fancy has failed to contemplate the day when God, walking amidst the beauties of His newly created world, made what was more wonderful than any unthinking thing He had created,—a man in His own image, and after His own likeness, standing erect with eyes so set in his head that he could see the stars above him as well as the ground beneath him; a man linked by his flesh to the earth beneath him, and linked by his spirit to the God above him,—the connecting link between the highest heaven and the lowest earth. That was a wonderful day when God made man. There is a day, however, which appeals with greater power to the thoughtful than the day on which man first walked the earth. There came a day in human history when nature, all so beautiful and bright on that day when man's eyes

first beheld it, became black and lowering. The very sun clothed its face in pain and shame. The earth reeled and rocked and broke, and all nature went into blackest mourning, because of the great tragedy that was being enacted on a lonely hill outside a city gate. God once displayed power in creating the world and peopling it with intelligent beings, but He displayed a finer power than that seen in mere physical forces the day He redeemed a fallen race.

When God would go forth to the conquest of evil, and make possible every man's triumph over the enemy of his soul, bringing triumph to virtue and possible growth in all strength and beauty, it required the exercise of a spiritual power finer and more potent. We have lived in vain if we have not discovered that there is a power greater than any physical force that ever acts in the universe of matter.

I will tell you what is finer than the foaming leap of the torrent from the crag. It is the rush of a man's courage along the fearful path of some high and holy duty. I will tell you what overtops the grandeur of an Alpine peak at sunset. It is integrity, resisting temptation. I will tell you what is more glorious than

a Norway twilight, which turns mountain, plain, and fjord into the softest tints of violet. It is love, giving and blessing without stint, like your mother's. I have often thought that I would love to have been one of that little company in that storm-tossed boat that night on Galilee; to have felt the thrill of the danger and the loneliness, and then to have known the ecstasy of beholding my Master coming through the storm, walking on the sea as on solid pavement; gathering up those turbulent waves, as a mother presses her babe to her bosom, and speak them into peace. But I have seen a grander thing than that. One day my life's bark was sorely tossed, and a tempest swept down over my soul with terrifying onset, and it seemed to me that I would be ingulfed. Then it was I saw this same Jesus coming to me on the waves, speaking peace to my heart, bringing me out into an open and delightful haven where it has been a joy to dwell ever since. O, believe me; what I want—what you want—is to find the "power unto salvation."

You and I are naturally rebellious. Our wills array themselves against God. They are perverse; they choose evil rather than good. Show me the power that can not break, but persuade my rebellious will to run out along the line of the divinely

appointed ways and choose those things which make for my own soul's betterment, and I will hail it as the "power of God."

You and I have been polluted by sin. We have known the sting of it and the shame of it. We may have tried a thousand ways to rid ourselves of it, and failed. In spite of ourselves we have dripped with iniquity. Show me a stream that can cleanse me from all sin, and I will hail it as the sure power of God. He only can do a work like that.

You and I find ourselves bent toward evil. It is more easy to do wrong than right. We find that when we would do good, evil is present with us. In spite of all our holy desires and insistent determinations we find ourselves unable to maintain our integrity, keep our souls white, and live up to the ideals which we know should dominate our lives. Show me a power that can keep me from falling. Ah, first, show me a power that can change my human nature and make it easier for me to do right than it is to do wrong. A remarkable editorial appeared some time ago in *The Philadelphia Record,* the purport of which, in substance, is this: It is the purpose of a recent publication—"The Autobiography of a Criminal"—to bring under discussion the question whether, with the best of all influences,

it would be possible to overcome the criminal tendencies of certain men, and make of them respectable members of society. This question has been answered in the negative by science; and, indeed, this answer is obvious. Although there are those who assume that character can be molded, the leading psychologists maintain that every-day observation must prove the persistence of inherited defects, regardless of education and personal example and influence. We may reasonably expect from the splendid system of universal education a great diminution of ignorance, and also a wider extension of amiable manners, but there is nothing in the world of experience which gives hope of a change in human nature. That editorial utterance seems like a hopeless, but surely it is a very just, conclusion. Education and science, no matter to what extent they may be carried, will be compelled to confess that they can not change human nature. There is a peculiar individual something in your life which makes up its nature and fixes its supreme choices, which neither science nor education can transform. This fact should be more frankly conceded by scientists and educators. To all who are making bold pretense that human nature can yield to the instructions of science and become entirely differ-

ent, we commend the frank utterance of *The Philadelphia Record.* Science and education may pity the poor sin-cursed victims, but they are compelled to say, "We have no help for you." Herein comes the necessity and the superiority of the thing of which Paul is not ashamed. Its business is to change and save fallen human nature. No case is too bad for it. Our good, kind God does not intend to leave His sinful child hopeless and helpless. He has revealed a way of escape. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Paul takes this splendid truth to cultivated Rome, and exclaims, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation." Multitudes of believers in that age, and in every age since, have proved the truth of that statement.

I am hastening to the grave along with you. Somewhere there ahead of us—we know not how far—an open casket and a yawning tomb are awaiting our arrival. I do not want to lie in that casket, or be buried in that grave. Show me a power that will triumph over death and the grave, and lift my enfranchised spirit into the realms of immortality, and I am sure that that power must be the power of

God. Paul gloried in the Gospel because it saves men from the ravages of the tomb.

You and I are getting more and more lonely as we walk life's journey, because the friends of our youth are dropping behind and leaving us to tread the pathway unaccompanied. Those who started with us on the journey have long since said their farewells, and our hearts have ached for the sound of vanished voices and the touch of hands which are stilled. Show me a power that can, on some glad morrow, restore to me my loved ones, and I will know that it must be the "Power of God unto salvation."

I do not wonder—do you?—that Paul exults in such a Savior. I do not wonder that in view of these reasons, he says, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, because it is the power of God unto salvation."

And then, as though these two reasons were not enough, Paul gives a third reason why he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. He says, "Because it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Thank God for a Gospel adequate to save every one that wants it. The narrow sectarian may rejoice in a Gospel that saves his own folk, but Paul glories in a Gospel for every believer.

He says: "Wherefore, by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. Therefore, as by the offense of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life; for as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous. Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin has reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto life eternal, by Jesus Christ our Lord." No favorite class; no divine partiality; salvation for Jew, for Greek, for bondslave and free, for Roman and barbarian. I would prove the divinity of this religion of Jesus Christ by its world-wide application. Surely, the God of all men provides a way of escape for all men, and any plan of redemption which He shall devise, will be all-inclusive. Paul, even Paul the Jew, was so saturated with this glorious world-including message that he shouts out, "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Mark that condition of salvation, "to every one that believeth." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath life." "Whosoever *believeth* that Jesus is

the Christ, is born of God." "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." "Whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." Each is left to choose for himself; each by his own will power elects himself to belong to that glorious company.

Paul is not ashamed of this Gospel. Why should you be? Will you not this day take the Christ into your life? It will sweeten all your life's bitter. It will strengthen all your life's weakness. It will inspire all your life's hopes and endeavors. It will, indeed, prove to you what it has proven to me, and to all that shining host of God who have been transformed in life, and uplifted into glory, by it. Some day—I know not when—you and I will stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. I will tell you what will then be of more importance to you and to me than that we had gained our millions on earth and had our names enrolled on the world's scroll of fame. It will be this: Is that Jesus who sits there with the marks of the nails in His palms and in His feet, who is now my Judge, ashamed of me?

IV.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

"We are laborers together with God."—1 Cor. iii, 9.

A visit to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis will throw remarkable light on that statement made by Paul so long ago. Imagine the world as Adam found it, and then look at the world about us as we see it to-day, and you will see what a far cry it is from St. Louis to the Garden of Eden. God did not finish the world at creation. He so constructed the earth as to leave something for man to do,—some weakness to strengthen, some crudeness to culture, some latency to call forth, and thus something was left for the mechanical genius of man to perform. God buried the uncut crystal in the quartz; man polishes the diamond. God laid the crude iron ore in its bed; man out of it constructs a Damascus blade or a modern skyscraper. God planted the forests; out of them man builds a house or constructs an organ. God made the crab-apple; man develops it into the golden pippin or

belleflower. God created the wild rose that grows in rank profusion; man develops it into the American Beauty. God created the wild horse, but man develops it into a Kentucky thoroughbred. The best things on earth are the creation of God and man working together. So I say the world was not completed by God at the time of creation. Every man is born absolutely ignorant. He may have natural tendencies in certain directions, but his mind is practically like a blank sheet of paper, upon which knowledge is to be written. He needs teachers. Were it not for the enlightening influence of instructors each new generation would grope long in the dark. By the aid of instructors each new generation comes into possession of the collected wisdom of the past, and rises to higher intellectual levels. Each teacher is a co-laborer with God. God created the mind, and the teacher instructs and educates it.

We are born spiritual babes, utterly ignorant of the great laws of the soul and its development. No more surely does the intellectual nature require a teacher than the spiritual soul needs a preacher. God has ordained the preacher to be an instructor in righteousness and to train the soul into all high and holy living. Thus the preacher becomes a co-la-

borer with God in enlightening and saving the souls of men.

All who toil to improve physical, intellectual, and moral conditions, are laborers together with God. Paul said to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Herein lies the dignity of all honest toil. Every honest laborer is working with God. If this be so, let no man think meanly of himself so long as he toils in any honest field. In America we have come to regard all honest toil as honorable. We have moved away from the old European notion that the so-called gentleman is exempt from toil. Our American gentleman is as anxious to do his part of the world's work as any humble laborer with his hands. We place honor upon the man who co-operates with God; turns forests into cities; converts the crude ore into the currency of the realm; constructs railways which bind all parts of the nation together with bands of steel; constructs ships which sail all seas, and has made all the wonders of modern civilization possible.

The Christian Church and its ministry assert the worth of the laboring man. There is a false notion current among some laboring men that the Church is out of sympathy with the laborer, and that the

Church is the friend of the rich and the foe of the poor. Any student of this problem may quickly discover that the great majority of those who are connected with both Protestant and Catholic Churches are workingmen. It is to be deplored that many labor unions have their weekly meetings on the Sabbath, and thus discourage their members from Church attendance. It is also true that many of their leaders are Socialists who are not at all in sympathy with the present religious and commercial systems. Such leaders assume to be the mouthpieces of the laboring man, but they really do not represent the rank and file of those who toil with their hands. These Socialistic leaders would have the laboring man believe that the preachers are the hirelings of the rich capitalists, and dare not speak a word in the interest of those who toil. They assert that all their sympathy is with those who are in comfortable circumstances, and have no heart to feel for those who are deprived of the luxuries of wealth. This is a libel upon God's noble, self-sacrificing messengers to men. The rank and file of the ministry are true and devoted followers of Jesus Christ. They fully understand that they are the ministers to all, and must be the friend and counselor to all classes alike. The real truth is that in

America to-day the one class most neglected by the Church and ministry is the rich. This so-called favored class hold themselves more completely aloof from ministerial and Church influences than any other class of people. It is as true to-day as when Jesus first uttered it, that "Scarcely shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven." The support, the devotion, and the self-sacrifice necessary to the maintenance of the Christian Church, all come from the working classes. Only here and there are the very rich interested in the religious and moral enlightenment of their fellow-men.

This is the best era in human history for the laboring man. His lot is better to-day than ever before. Not all hardships are yet removed; but it is true that the curse from labor is being lifted. Inventive genius has constructed machinery which is doing the work once done by slaves. The human mind has come to its mastery, and no invention of machinery has made it possible for the work to progress without its superintendency. The ignorant now and then oppose the increased use of the labor-saving machine. Such devices are for the betterment of the race; and although here and there an individual may be embarrassed by the introduction

of it, yet, on the whole, the race is advanced and benefited.

Our modern life confronts conditions never before met by any preceding generation. Large sums of money have been combined in the construction of vast factories where large quantities of manufactured goods are produced. The individual mechanic, as he toils in his little shop, can no longer compete in the markets with the great factories that produce the same commodity at greatly reduced cost. Villages and cities have grown up around these great manufacturing plants, producing a new social life. The employer and employed have come into new relations with each other. A great deal of new legislation has been necessary in order to adjust properly these relations. We are becoming adjusted to the new situation, and I do not wonder that in the process we are suffering from misunderstanding and needless friction. The combination of capital to carry on this great business has made it necessary for labor also to combine, in order to preserve and advance its interests. In my judgment, the day will soon dawn when the new world will become adjusted to these new conditions, and both employer and employed will come to dwell together in peace and unity; each realizing his de-

pendence upon the other, and that their interests are really common and mutual. Even now the leaders on both sides are recognizing that labor and capital sustain to each the same relation that one wing of the bird sustains to the other.

Before we can have peace in the industrial world certain great principles must be recognized and acted upon by those who employ and by those who are employed. I boldly aver that we can not attain to that industrial peace so essential to industrial health until at least ten principles are universally recognized and acted upon.

The first principle is this: It must be universally established that in this free country every man has a right to work for whom and for what wage he pleases. Compulsory membership in a trades union in order to secure employment is un-American, and should not be tolerated. When I say that every man has a right to work for whom he pleases and for what wage he pleases, I must of course be understood as implying that it takes two to make a bargain, and if a man wishes my services and I am willing to work for him, and we can agree as to the wage, the whole question is to be decided by us two and us alone; no third party has a right to interfere with us. This, of all countries, ought to be

a free country; but it can not be for the laboring man so long as he is not free to enter into an arrangement for work which is perfectly satisfactory to himself. The great majority of laboring men in the United States to-day are not affiliated with any union. The minority have no right to dictate to this vast majority, and fix for whom they shall work and at what wage.

The second principle which must be established is, that every employer must have the right to decide whom he shall employ, and that the principle of the open shop should everywhere prevail. It is most un-American to force a man to employ whom he does not want. The principle of the closed shop deprives the employer of the right to put his own son to work if he so wishes it. I am fully aware that labor unions almost universally insist that unionism can not survive unless the closed shop is maintained; and yet it is well known that the best organized body of laboring men in the world to-day is the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; and they do not stand for the closed shop principle. There are excellent reasons why labor should unite, but there is no sense or reason, much less any principle of justice, in their attempts to dictate whom their employers shall hire.

In the third place, the principle of compulsory arbitration should be recognized, and all differences between employer and employee be amicably arbitrated. This principle should be especially recognized in cases where the interests of the whole community are at stake. In modern society we are all so related that we must consider the rights of others in our great congested populations, such as we find in our large cities. The right of one is largely involved in the right of others, and no man lives unto himself. In a quarrel between employer and employed which interferes with the just rights of the whole community, as in the case of a street-car strike, involving the stoppage of the whole transportation system, the whole community has a right to demand that the difficulty shall be amicably arbitrated and quickly settled. The fact that many of the unions are opposed to legal incorporation, thereby making the union legally responsible as an organization, has put the whole system of unionism in an unfavorable light with many. It is openly charged that they will not incorporate because they are unwilling to run the risk of being made liable in times of trouble. The great difficulty in enforcing the principle of compulsory arbitration lies here, that in most instances capital is incorporated

and has a legal standing, and can be held responsible for the carrying out of the conditions of the arbitration; but the employees are legally irresponsible and can not be forced to meet the conditions of the settlement. Yet I feel sure that the great mass of labor difficulties could be amicably arbitrated if honest attempt in that direction should be made by both sides.

Fourth. The principle of co-operation should prevail. Both capital and labor should be organized for mutual benefit. Labor should share with capital not only its profits, but also its losses. Those who labor with their hands in the shop should feel that they have a common interest with the men who labor with their brains in the office. The principle of co-operation has been tried successfully in many ways, and the industrial millennium will dawn when the principle is universally adopted.

Fifth. Every laborer should be paid the wage he earns and not the wage another man earns. Each laborer should be paid according to his own worth, thus rewarding true merit, and not putting a price on laziness or incompetency, as is the case in a uniform wage scale. Fair and honest as this statement appears, it is most bitterly opposed by nearly every trade union. Two things the trade unions

deem absolutely essential to the success of their cause—the closed shop and the uniform wage scale. The labor leaders aver that they only stand for a minimum scale, and that they insist that every man shall be paid a living wage, and that no man shall be paid less than that amount. Yet an investigator knows that in most instances they have a maximum scale, according to which no man is allowed to earn more per day than a given sum. In practical operation the principle is this: every man shall receive the same wages, regardless of his merit or competency. This is but an outcropping of the Socialism which is largely dominant in many unions. The disinterested student and onlooker can never be led to see that the uniform wage scale is anything else than a premium placed on incompetency.

Sixth. Capital must recognize the right of labor to organize for its own protection and benefit; and such laborers should not be discriminated against so long as they do not interfere with the rights of others. Everywhere and always I boldly insist that the labor union has a distinct right to exist. It must be admitted that the union has done much good. It has improved the shop conditions where labor is employed. It has improved the dwellings in communities where they are owned by the capi-

talist. It has rightly shortened the hours of labor and justly increased the wages. Such is the cupidity of human nature that had not laboring men organized in self-defense the over-reaching covetousness of the employer would long before now have made the lot of the laboring man unendurable. Too much praise can not be given the organized effort made by labor for the amelioration of the lot of laboring men. In all justice it must be admitted that the toiler, who has withheld himself from association with the union, has equally shared in the prerogatives, emoluments, and protections secured for him by the co-operation of those who stood for the union principle. I can see wherein great danger lies for the labor union. It has made some mistakes. It has often made blunders. These mistakes and blunders have led the general public to suspect the wisdom and efficiency of the whole movement; and yet, we must not denounce the whole organization because of its occasional mistakes. The Church itself would come under universal condemnation on this principle, for it is not without its mistakes and blunders. As well condemn the Christian Church for the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the horrors of the Spanish Inqui-

sition, as to condemn, wholesale, labor unions because of the mistakes some of its leaders have made. The crying need of labor unions to-day is wise leadership. Unionism can not succeed if its members yield themselves to the leadership of Socialistic cranks. I pray daily that God may raise up wise leaders who may conduct this great army of honest toilers into the possession of the rights and prerogatives to which they are most justly heir.

Seventh. No man must be regarded as possessing the right to quit his job and hold it at the same time. If he refuses to work, he has no right to prevent another man from taking up the task he has voluntarily laid down. The people have a sense of fairness and will never sympathize with those who keep others from work. Any man has a right to quit his job when he pleases; but he has no right to stand by with a club and prevent another man from taking the place in which he is unwilling longer to toil. The members of the union have a perfect right to go on a strike and refuse to labor until certain requirements, which they desire, have been met; but at that point their rights cease. The American people will not stand for the interference of union men when others, unbound by their so-

ciety, are willing to assume the obligations and receive the remunerations of the places they have vacated.

Eighth. The whole principle of the boycott must be condemned. All efforts to call in the aid of others, who have no personal grievance, to join in the effort to destroy another's business, is both un-American and un-Christian. The law can not be too strict in its dealings with such cases. The American people will never sympathize with an organization which adopts the principle of the boycott.

Ninth. All employees who have been taken on during a strike should be given permanent places, and not turned adrift as soon as settlement is made with those who threw up their work in the strike. I said to a representative body of employers connected with the Builders' Exchange in Cleveland, not long ago, that they themselves were guilty of violating this just and righteous principle. I said to them: "You men who employ labor have frequently, in times of a strike, taken on men who have stood by you fairly and squarely in the time of your trouble, and enabled you to fulfill your contracts and prosecute your business; and then just as soon as the difficulties with your former employees have been adjusted, you have set adrift the men

who stood by you, and taken back into your employ the very men who would have ruined you. Just so long as you employers pursue such a course as that you may expect to see no end of labor troubles. From the viewpoint of an employer your position is untenable, unfair, and unjust. You do the laboring man a great injustice, and say to him he must be the slave of an organization with which he does not care to be affiliated or he will never be able to find honest employment in the labor markets of the world."

Lastly. The fundamental principles of Christianity must be applied in all capital and labor relations, and both sides must obey Christ's requirement: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." I am convinced that the principle of the Golden Rule, if honestly applied, will settle all labor troubles. We need ever to remind ourselves that we are brethren, children of the same Father, redeemed by the same blood, bound for the same judgment-seat, and heirs of the same promises. We must not think meanly of any man. He is our brother. So when the world of labor and the world of capital come to see that they are under the same rule of Christ, and that each must "look upon the things of others," and "do unto others as they would that they should do

unto them," these ugly strivings will disappear; and He, who is Master of all worlds and holds in His hands the wealth of the universe; He who, while on earth, was a carpenter and a toiler among the sons of men, will establish peace, not only in the hearts, but in the busy marts of men.

V.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. xii, 1.

These are the words of the wisest man who ever lived. They were spoken to the youth of his time; but they come to us of our day with the same telling potency and power as when they were first uttered.

Let us first inquire why Solomon insists that we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth. It is because, in the first place, youth is peculiarly adapted to the transforming effects of conversion. This is true for several reasons.

First, because the intellect is expanding and in a condition qualified to receive truth. Childhood is constantly asking questions. The average child is a walking interrogation point, always wanting to know. The little opening mind is as eager for knowledge as his stomach is for food. You have long ago discovered that a very young child can ask

a question which the wisest philosopher is not able to answer. I remember in the first years of my ministry I was boarding in a home in which there was a little boy only six years of age. His mother especially charged him that he must not interrupt or needlessly visit the minister in his room. He loved to come and see me, and so when he did come, it was always with a purpose. He generally had some important question that he wanted answered at once. He was in one of my catechetical classes for the instruction of children, and what took place in the class often aroused deep inquiry within his little brain. One day he came into my room and said: "Brother Mitchell" (he always called me Brother Mitchell, for, although his mother was a Presbyterian, he said he was a Methodist), "Brother Mitchell, is not the Father, God?" and I said, "Yes, Albert." And then he asked, "Is not the Son, God?" and I replied, "Yes, my boy;" but I was then beginning to suspect what was to follow. He asked then, the third time, "Is not the Holy Ghost, God?" and I said, "Surely!" Then he straightened up his shoulders, looked me squarely in the eye with a look of defiance, and said, "Then, we have three Gods, have n't we?" It was my task then to undertake as best I could—I am sure I did not succeed

very well—to explain to that little six-year-old child something of the mystery of the Trinity.

At another time the little fellow came bounding into my room, and put to me this question: "If angels are spirits, what use have they for wings?" I replied that they had n't any wings. Then he retorted: "Every picture that I ever saw of an angel had wings. How do you know they have n't got any wings?" Then I undertook to explain to him that our conceptions of angels were purely imaginative, and no one knew just how an angel looked; and that I did not believe that a spirit had any use for wings. I do not think I fully satisfied him.

At another time he said to me, "Brother Mitchell, our Bible down in the parlor on the center table does not tell the truth." I said, "I would n't talk that way, Albert; the Bible always tells the truth." "Yes, but I mean its pictures do not tell the truth." I said, "What is the matter with the pictures?" "Well, there is a picture down there of Daniel in the lions' den, and Daniel stands with a lion on each side of him, and his hand on their heads and their tongues are lolling out." "Well," I said, "what is the matter with that?" He replied, "That ain't so; for the Bible says 'God sealed the mouths of the lions.'"

I state these things to show how much wiser is the mind of the child than we often suspect. The intense hunger of the childish intellect for knowledge is pathetic. We grow impatient sometimes over their eager inquiries, and yet we must remember that this is the era in each life when most of one's information is gained. Some one has said that a child will acquire a better knowledge of a language during the first six years of its life than the wisest linguist could possibly acquire in any succeeding ten years. Solomon was aware of the fact that the best time to get the great truths of God and His kingdom imbedded into a man's life is in the early period of youth, when the intellect is expanding and is anxious to grasp all knowledge. Surely, we are to know God in this early hour of our life if we are to know Him well at all. The adolescent period, when the youthful mind is hungry for truth, is the golden hour of opportunity in which to pour into the soul the rich treasure of saving truth.

And then youth is peculiarly adapted to the transforming effects of conversion, because the will has not become perverted. After all, one's relation to his God and his fellows is a question of will. A man's whole life, present and future, is locked up

in his will. We are largely what we will to be. We get largely what we will to possess. The will is to the life what the rudder is to the ship. It directs and controls the whole course of our being. The tragedy of life is this: that by and by the will has formed grooves through which we automatically act, and our lives become largely automatic. We say "we are creatures of habit." You all know the strength of a well-established habit; how hard it is to change from one's long accustomed ways. This explains why so few people in middle life change their habits. They have become settled. The will can be led as readily to exercise its functions for good as for bad. The will can form a habit of thought which is right as well as a habit of thought which is wrong, and the remarkable fact is, that as one grows older the firmer and stronger becomes the will power. The will that has long been accustomed to wrong choices is apt to continue in its wicked preferences. This is equally true of a good will. The will that has been choosing good continues to do so by very force of habit. It is well known that the will of a child can more easily be persuaded than that of an adult. It is God's plan not to break down the human will, nor to force it, but to persuade it. He appeals to reason. He at-

tempts by all kindly offices and genial influences to win the will to make the right and wise choice. The youthful will thus more readily yields to the divine wooing. I have no doubt that the reason why so few, comparatively, remember their Creator after they have passed their twenty years is due to the fact that the will has become perverted, has become accustomed to having its own way, and has acquired the habit of pitting itself against the will of man, as well as the will of God.

Another reason why youth is adapted to the transforming effects of conversion is, that the heart has not become hardened. The conscience is a tender thing. The slightest sin in a child's life gives great uneasiness to the conscience. The first oath creates horror in the soul, and incites fear that God will send some thunderbolt to strike the wicked one down. We all remember with what fear we contemplated God in the times of our youthful sinfulness. As men and women grow older and come to learn that the stroke does not immediately follow the flash of lightning, that God does not immediately punish the sinner, and that life moves on just the same, apparently, whether we have sinned or not, we come to be less concerned and less anxious about ourselves. Our consciences are less

tender. They are less keen to discover the moral qualities in our actions. They are less alarming in their warnings; so that we go on forming habits which are wrong in the sight of God, and yet we feel no remorse or pain. The heart of youth is tender and open to the holy influences that come to it from the higher and the better life; the conscience is keener to discover the difference between right and wrong. It is stronger in its power to propel toward the good, and is mighty in its ability to bring joy when good is done or sorrow when sin is committed. The modern psychologist has gone more deeply into the study of the human mind than his predecessors. As never before, we understand the workings of the human mind. Able scientists of our day are investigating and analyzing the actions of the human intellection. By deep study and wide observation they have come to understand the scientific reason for the fact that so large a majority become Christians in their youth. There is a peculiar relationship existing between the body and the soul. At that particular hour in the body's unfolding and ripening is the time when the soul is most easily opened toward God and all holy and lofty aspirations. The hour when the soul is the most sensitive to God is the hour when the body is

opening its life to the larger experiences of mature life. As never before, we have scientific warrant for pressing this admonition home to the hearts of the youth, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," because you are in that period of life best adapted to the transforming effects of conversion; and the great chance is, that if you do not now, under this favorable environment, at this opportune hour, when all things are ready, remember your Creator, you *never will;* and you will be counted among the Godless for eternity. I plead with the young life, represented here now, to take advantage of the hour. The tide is at its flood. Your opportunity is at hand. Now, if ever, is your time to get right with God. Unless you here and now yield to the persuasive influences of the Divine Spirit, bend your will to the divine law, give your love to the Divine Lover, and consecrate your life to the Divine Master, the chances are you *never will.* I plead with you to remember your Creator *now,* because you are so admirably fitted to do this holy thing.

There is a further reason why we should remember our Creator in the days of our youth. It is this: It is the duty of every one to give his whole being to the service of his Master. God has

given us a compound nature,—physical, mental, and moral,—and it is our duty to give to His service the energies of our physical body, the uses of our mental faculties, and the complete consecration of our moral powers. It is not only our privilege to do this, but it is our duty. God has a claim on every young man and woman within the sound of of my voice. Be you rich or poor; be you the son of him who has both wealth and leisure, or the son of the man that tills the soil; be you possessed of mental power that enables you to dig deeply into the mines of abstract thought, and arrive at truth through the processes of induction, or only endowed with sufficient capacity to grasp truth in the form of a vague dream rather than as a rational expectation; be you a student or engaged in commercial affairs, the claims of our Lord and Master are just as binding upon you.

God to-day is calling loudly for young men with strong limbs and sturdy chests, whose constitutions have not become weakened with self-indulgence, untainted with liquor stimulants, and free from the benumbing effects of narcotics. *Strong* young men who are armed with the Spirit, can grasp God's Word and carry it to the dweller in the frozen zones of the North, to the dweller on the mountain, or

the dweller in the plain, or to him who dwells under the palm tree in the burning tropics—anywhere and everywhere, where God's Gospel light has not shone. He calls for young women with hearts true and tried, who by patience, toil, and faith, can make the world better, nobler, and purer.

And then again, God has a mental claim upon us all. No young man or woman has a right, in view of the present exigencies, to allow his God-given talents to lie buried and undeveloped. The cry is, "Away with that young man upon whom God has stamped the seal of unlimited accomplishments; for whom light was created that his eyes might see, the air caused to vibrate with waves of sound that his ears might hear; for whose delight the birds sing their sweetest songs and the flowers bloom in beauty and fragrance—for whom all things were made—and yet, by the curse of strong drink and the lack of continuity of action and ambition, is dead to all his privileges, and sinks like a snowflake in the sea!"

God has a claim upon us of unremitting toil, in view of a thorough, systematic preparation for the duties of life. Pardon me, if I give you a glimpse of an early chapter in my own life. When God came and impressed upon my mind that I must

preach His Gospel, I felt that I was not ready—I was not prepared. God urged me to get ready. I then resolved that I would meet that claim and get ready, if I must needs burn the midnight oil, and by the sweat of my life's blood falling from the aching brow. Why, young friends, if the small insect can, by piling little upon little, by years and years of unceasing and unseen toil, build up for itself a beautiful land, fruit-laden, flower-strewn, sun-warmed, shower-bathed, and angel-watched, so can we, with our God-given powers, and under Him, build up for ourselves things equally beautiful and far more useful and durable,—the characters of true men and true women. The Church in this age, with the perfection of the restless outreachings of the centuries; in this age, with its advantages which have accrued from all the grand innovations of the past; in this age, with all its enticements and allurements to honor and to fame; in this age, simply resplendent with its vast possibilities, declares in tones not to be mistaken, that you are expected to fill the places of those upon whose heads now rest the silver crowns of age; and in the same tones that speak of your coming honor, you are reminded of your awful responsibility, and are instructed in the claims that are resting upon

you. These claims demand that you be fitted and ready to take up the work when it drops from pulseless hands into yours, and carry it on to a higher and better realization of God's design.

But, above all things else, God has a moral claim upon us all. The present age needs now, more than ever in the history of the human race, moral men in Church and in State. The chiefest wealth to-day is manhood, genuinely honest, unyielding, clean manhood. What is needed to-day, more than anything else, is physically strong, educated, thoughtful, moral men in all the by-paths of society, in the private walks of life; and even more than all elsewhere, in the public places of trust in our land. Here is our chiefest danger. Ability, intelligence, and honesty too often disdain the dishonorable means necessary to their recognition; and the result is, that we have in our public life a rotten and fetid putridity, whose stench chokes the nostrils of the people. We are losing the old-fashioned keen sense of sin. We still denounce the individual man, who in his own private life commits a sin against the individual or State; but so much of our modern business is conducted by corporations that we are failing to see that there is the same moral obliquity involved in the theft of a corporation as in the theft

of an individual. We denounce the individual man who commits murder, but we have no corresponding words of denunciation for the corporations which, by the simplest neglect, kill not one, but many of those whose lives are in their hands for safe keeping. We need to-day, as never before, men with consciences which are not lost when incorporated with others; consciences that are as keen to feel their moral responsibilities in official place as in private life, in company or alone. Here is the danger of our modern social life. We have developed what might be regarded as the "newer unrighteousness." As one of the results of this apathy on the part of good citizens, there is a painful lack of veneration and reverence for the better and higher things. We have been taught to be incredulous by the deception of bad men and by the betrayal of the sacred trust of deep confidence. Let us never forget that the disgraceful act of one man, or any number of men, can neither taint nor tarnish the principles themselves. They are God-given and God-preserved. Morality is just as much to be loved and respected though a thousand supposed moral men prove to be immoral, and the laws should be respected and obeyed though driveling idiots and moral monstrosities sit in high places and mal-

administer them. I appeal to you, young men and women, who hear me this hour, to remember your Creator in the days of your youth, so that your moral life may be in harmony with the will of the Eternal, and all your ransomed powers dedicated to the betterment of the individual and the civic moral life with which you shall be surrounded. Remember, God has physical, mental, and moral claims upon you, and it is your duty to give to Him the services of your whole nature and your entire life. You are not to wait until you become old and decrepit; too old to sing a song for Him; too old to strike a blow for Him; and then, after having spent your life in the service of the devil, when your feet are tottering to the tomb, to cry out, "Here Lord, I give myself to Thee, 't is all that I can do." It may then be all that you can do, and God, in His infinite mercy, may accept you; but He will tell you, "It is not all you might have done." I plead with you to obey this admonition of the wise man, because it is your duty to give your whole being to the service of your Master.

There is a further reason for the remembrance of your Creator in the days of your youth. It is this: Every youth has friends over whom he exercises an influence for good or evil, and that in-

fluence should be consecrated to God in early life. Our influence is something we can no more escape than we can our shadow in the sunshine. We can not grasp each other's hand, we can not look into each other's face, without exerting an influence. No life is islanded. We must mingle with our fellows, and that mingling is for their good or their ill. I recall one morning when I was riding on horseback across a Western prairie; I saw away in the distance, coming up the road, a little girl with her sunbonnet on, its skirt streaming back in the morning wind. Under one arm she carried her school-books, and in her other hand her lunch basket. She was on her way to school. I rode on down the road, and she came on up the road, and soon we passed. She looked up into my face modestly, and as I looked down into hers, I said "Good morning," and she replied, "Good morning," and passed on her way to school, and I rode on into the future of my own life. I have never seen that little girl since. She has, doubtless, grown into womanhood; but I am sure that that little girl was a different child from having met me that morning, and I, a different man from having met her. The truth is, we can not greet each other on the highways of life, nor mingle with each other in the

social circles, without exerting an influence that is telling on character. Each of you young men and women here to-day has a little group of friends over whom your life casts the spell of its influence. It is either helping those with whom you associate to be stronger in all moral integrity, or it is weakening their wills and perverting their characters and harming their lives. Who can set measuring-rod to the slightest word which you may speak, or the most thoughtless act you may perform?

"A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied,—from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O word! O thought! O germ of love!
O thing at random cast!
Thou wert but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."

A London physician recently has given in a medical journal a development of the theory, which is not altogether new, namely, that the human body emits variously colored rays. This is the way he puts it: "The rays emanating from a very passion-

ate man have a deep red hue. One whose keynote in life is to be good and to do good throws off pink rays. An ambitious man emits orange rays. A deep thinker throws off deep blue. The lover of art and refined surroundings, yellow. An anxious depressed person, gray. One who leads a low, debased life, throws off muddy, brown rays. A devotional, good meaning person, light blue. A progressive-minded one, light green. And a physically or mentally ill one, dark green." Whether or not this theory should prove correct, it is undeniable that we send out moral and spiritual rays that affect every one whom we meet. At the judgment we must answer for the sort of influence our lives have exerted among men. And so, I plead with you young people to remember your Creator in the days of your youth, in order that your long life may be one continued influence for good upon your fellows.

I would not be true to you nor the great interests involved, did I fail to add one more reason why you should remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Your eternal interests are at stake. As I intimated a while ago, the choices of your youth are to determine the nature of your character in later life. "The child is father of the man." What you are to be at sixty you decide at twenty.

What shall be the nature of your old age is to be determined by the nature of your youth. We are not living simply for to-day; we are living for to-morrow. The present is not so awful because of what it now has for us to experience, but because in it is locked up all that is yet to come. Life is one constant unfolding. Our morrows are born of our to-days; and what we shall be next year, and the next decade, and in eternity, hinges upon what we are now. I would not be so much concerned about you did I believe that what there is of you could be inclosed in a coffin and buried in a grave. What makes me so intensely in earnest about this matter is this: You can not die. You have in you the elements which are eternal. You are to live as long as God. And I am sure, not only by the Word of God, but by the observations of the operation of the divine law in nature and from all argument from analogy, that your life beyond the grave is to be settled by your life this side the grave; and I am deeply anxious that the eternities which are yours shall be beautiful and pure and strong. I would not worry over you so much, if I thought your life was as transient as the brief journey from the cradle to the grave; but because you have in you the spark of immortality, the fire of God which can not be put out, and because your life, so God-

like and eternal, is to be fixed in its nature by your choices here and now. I plead with you with all the earnestness of my soul to remember your Creator. Take Him into your life. Do not crowd Him out of all your thinking. Relate everything to Him. Carry everything up to Him. Let every blooming flower, every dashing waterfall, and every delightsome experience speak to you of your Father—God. Let Him be in all your thoughts. Remember that you can only come to your best when you are properly related to the eternal God. You can never think your best thoughts unless He aids you. You will always run with heavy feet unless you let Him help you. Get in harmony with Him. You can use Him in the work He has given you to do. Your voice is weak. Let God help you strengthen it, and you will discover that if you thus put your weak voice in the embrace of God's will and God's law, you can by what you call your telephone, speak across the continent. Your arm is weak. It can perform but little. Get in harmony with God's law. Let Him help you, and you will discover that God's expanding steam and leaping lightning will multiply your strength unto the utmost possibilities, and you will grow God-like in the work you have to perform. O, believe me, young people, if ever there was a time when men working blindly in the

dark might think little of God, that time is not now. God is manifest everywhere in our scientific world. He is seen not only in every opening flower petal, and in every leaping thunderbolt, but in every electric engine and steam turbine. Do not be a fool and say in your heart, "There is no God;" but so take Him into your thoughts and into your life, that the elements of His character in all their beauty and everlastingness shall become a part of your being, and you shall become eternal in your very nature; so that so long as God lives you shall live; and where God is, you shall be; and in all the great works in which God shall be interested in any portion of His outstretching universe, you shall have a part. I want you, young people, to be *worth while* a thousand and a million years from now. I want you to relate yourselves to God, because I want you to live the lofty life for eternity. If you do not learn that lesson now, you will never learn it. This is the springtime of your life. You must get in your planting. I want your harvest to be so great that no mere earthly harvest-time shall be long enough in which you shall gather your infinite garner. I plead with you, in view of the unmeasurable interests at stake, to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.

VI.

A DESERTED GRAVE.

"And they departed quickly from the sepulcher with fear and great joy, and did run to bring His disciples word."—MATT. XXVIII, 8.

SOME one has said that if you stand long enough on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, in New York City, every one you know will surely come along. This is doubtless an exaggeration. But there is one spot where all mortals meet; it is at the sepulcher. You have not lived long nor much, if you, too, have not been at the sepulcher. You have been there; you will go again for the last time, and not return.

There is one particular sepulcher in which all the world is deeply interested. It was not so once. In the long ago cruel hate and prejudice crucified an innocent Man beyond the walls of Jerusalem. Many were interested in His crucifixion. The city was crowded with vast multitudes who had come up to the great feast from all parts of the civilized

world. They had heard of the trial and condemnation of this wonderful Rabbi, and they had followed Him as He bore His cross through the streets of the city out through the gate to the place of execution. Thousands upon thousands stood by to see Him die. Very few cared where He was buried. A rich man, Joseph of Arimathea, gave space in his own rock-hewn grave where they might lay His body. There were a few women who knew and loved Him, who had, doubtless, followed His bleeding form to the sepulcher. A little group of unlettered Galilean peasants and fishermen were also sufficiently interested in the place where He lay to follow Him to the tomb. Aside from this small group of interested friends, the great multitude of Jerusalem had no concern where the Crucified had been laid. It is not so now. That grave has become a shrine to which millions make pilgrimage. No sooner was Constantine converted to the Christian religion, and his mother, the Empress Helena, led to accept the same faith, than the queen mother made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and attempted to find the sacred places made holy by the presence of her Lord. She sought to locate the places of the Savior's crucifixion and burial. Tradition tells us that she was enabled through a

dream to locate both the site of the crucifixion and the burial. Over the tomb was then reared a church, which has stood there for more than fifteen centuries. The place where it was said the Lord lay has been regarded as a holy spot, attracting millions of pilgrims through the passing centuries. I have stood there and watched the pilgrims drag themselves prone on the marble floor into the presence of the tomb, weeping as though their hearts would break, and yet glad to know that the fulfillment of a life's dream had been reached, and that they were then permitted to touch the very stone upon which His holy body lay. One may have his own personal doubts as to the exact location of that grave. I am frank to say that I do not believe that the present Church of the Holy Sepulcher covers the rock-cut tomb in which our Savior was buried. Indeed, it is not essential that we know the exact spot where they laid Him; because that tomb has been empty since that first Easter morning. The tomb has lost all its attraction because it is no longer the resting place of our Lord. On that first Easter morning, there was a little group of women who were exceedingly anxious to make their way quickly to the place where He had been buried. They bore with them the precious ointment

with which properly to anoint His body; for, in the haste of His burial, because of the approach of the Sabbath, this kindly office had not been done. We all know that when they reached the tomb they found it deserted. That spot no longer attracted them, and they departed quickly from the sepulcher. And yet that visit that morning to the sepulcher gave to those women three things which are for us also.

It gave them, first, a sepulcher fear. I do not think it strange that those timid women experienced a strange fear in the presence of the grave. All of us naturally fear the burial place of the dead, because fear of death is instinctive. The two strongest passions in every living thing is to continue to live and to prolong its life in the existence of offspring. The struggle to prolong life is tragic. The prodigal waste of health is only to be compared with the pathetic struggle to restore it. How ready we are in our youth to neglect those laws of health which are sure to weaken our physical constitutions and shorten our days, and then, when health has left us, to attempt by all possible effort to restore what we have lost! Oliver Wendell Holmes was once asked for a recipe for living to be eighty years old. He replied: "Have some reputable physician

tell you early in life that you are dying of an incurable malady. Then you will begin to take care of yourself, and you will live to be eighty years old." No doubt this is why so many delicate people outlive their sturdier neighbors. This struggle to prolong life by the destruction of disease is the strength of the drug and the nostrum trade. Millions of wealth are spent annually by all classes and conditions of men for healing drugs. They hope by their use to have restored to them in some measure the health which they have so prodigally wasted. Those of wealth who have thus lost their health are seen running out into all lands, attempting to find some congenial clime, where, under more favorable environment, health may be restored. I once met a young Tennesseean who was in camp with only his Arabian guide far out on the Arabian desert; living there under the cloudless sky, surrounded by the far-stretching sand, hoping that such a life might heal his diseased lungs. We are all aware that we are on the march, steadily approaching that awful goal—the sepulcher. It lies yonder at the end of life's journey, and we would, if we could, hold back; but we find ourselves pushed on to the very gates of death. We hate coffins and shrouds and graves. Even some flowers have become hate-

ful to us, because their aroma reminds us of death, they have been so long employed to bedeck coffins and graves. No normal man wants to die. No thoughtful man can contemplate his own earthly dissolution with equanimity. I do not wonder that there is current the opinion that no sane person would ever attempt to take his own life. Surely, he must have been driven by hopeless despair, who has taken the leap at his own bidding into the sepulcher.

We all also have this sepulcher fear because we do not know what lies beyond it. Men have always been trying to pierce the veil of futurity, and discover what it contains. They have sought to pry into the secrets of the grave and know what the future life has in store for them; but aside from the revelation of God's Word, we are left largely to our fancy to picture the life immortal. There is such an uncertainty about it all, that the very mystery of it frightens us, and is stronger than any curiosity we may have about it; so that we hold back, and would not of our own accord rush from what we know to what we do not know, leaving behind the world with which we have grown familiar and which we have come so much to love, in order to rush into experiences which may be utterly alien

to anything we have known, and which will test us in ways for which we may not have strength to bear.

We have also the sepulcher fear because it means the destruction of our earthly plans. We all have our lines out. We are living not only in the present, but in the future. You who are here to-day have your plans made for to-morrow. You are planning what you will do when the morning light shall come to you. You have that letter to write; you have that business engagement to meet; you have that note to pay; you have that machine to complete; you have that household duty to perform; you have that lesson to learn; you have important engagements all through the day. You can not contemplate with any degree of complacency any thought of failure to meet the important engagements which lie just ahead of you. It may be you have made plans for your new home into which you expect to lead your wife and little ones. You are about to enter upon your profession, for which you have been all your life long making preparation. O, there are so many things we all are planning to do, that we tremble to think that our planning will all be for naught! We expect some day to stop; but that day is far distant. We have put it

so far away that we have made provision for the completion of all our plans and the fulfillment of all our hopes. Of course, we expect to leave this world, but it will be when we ourselves have fully made up our minds when we shall depart from it. And yet, the awful uncertainty that confronts us,—the likelihood that on any morrow the open sepulcher may receive us and swallow up all our earthly hopes and plans, makes us fear the grave as our worst enemy!

We have also a fear of the sepulcher because it separates us from our loved ones. Here is a barrier over which love can not climb. Here is a wall through which no voice from our separated loved ones can reach us. Life when at its best, is largely a matter of loves and friendships. Our greatest wealth is the friends we have. They are here with us. We know the sound of their voices. We are familiar with the touch of their hands. We toil hard all day that in the hours of our leisure we may sit by their sides and enjoy their companionship. The hardest task grows easy when done for them. These loved ones give zest and purpose to all our endeavors. With love for them, we can endure any temporary absence only because we know that the meeting again with them will be all the sweeter.

We can gladly say, "Good night," because we expect to meet them again in the morning. But the horror of the sepulcher is this: it means that our farewells are for all time. It means that when we close our eyes in death, the sweet beauty of their faces shall no longer entrance us; and when our ears are closed in death, the accents of their unselfish love will be no longer heard by us. We go out from them to see them no more. Most of us have dependent upon us those whom we love dearer than our lives. When we sit down calmly and contemplate our being swallowed up in the sepulcher, our hearts grow icy cold as we think what may become of these who are so dependent upon us. They have so long looked to us for counsel; they are so dependent upon us for food and raiment and shelter; their lives are so locked up in our own, that for us to leave them means heart-break and overthrow to them. It is easy to fancy how readily one might be willing to "shuffle off this mortal coil," were it not for these loved ones who tug so tenderly and strongly at our hearts, bidding us not to leave them. These women who went that morning to this place of death found there, as we all find when we come into the presence of the grave, what I term a "sepulcher fear." They were attracted there by

love, and it is the only thing that can drag us back to the place where our dead lie buried. We may linger around the spot, but still our hearts are filled with fear.

That visit that morning to the sepulcher gave these women also a sepulcher joy. They had gone expecting to find a dead body in need of embalming. They left with a great joy bounding in their hearts. They had been told, "He is not here; He is risen, as He said." Stop long enough to think what that message meant to them. When you recall how their hope in their Divine Lord had been dashed by His ignoble death; when you remember how they had expected so much of Him and had been disappointed, you can then fancy with what joy faith in Him had been restored. Have you ever had your faith in a friend crushed, and then had it wholly restored? If so, you may know something of the joy that came to these women that morning when one whom they had loved so fondly and in whom they had trusted so deeply, and yet in whom they had been so bitterly disappointed, should be restored to them. All their belief in His Divinity was now increased. Surely, He who had power over death and the grave was all that He said He was, and more. They thought He was a

God the day He raised Lazarus from the dead. They *knew* now He must *be* God, else He had not Himself arisen from the tomb.

We of to-day who make in imagination this pilgrimage to the sepulcher, find a like sepulcher joy, because our faith in Jesus Christ as the Eternal God is established. We found our faith in Him upon the fact of His resurrection from the dead. Indeed, this is the corner-stone of the whole Christian system. We are willing to say with Paul, "If Christ be not risen, our faith is vain." We worship not a dead Christ, but a risen Christ. He who is not in possession of an unbounded faith in the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ can not know what these women found that day at the tomb. They can not know the sepulcher joy begotten of a lively faith in the supremacy of the Christ over death. It is this which explains the gladness of Easter. This is why we sing our sweetest songs and deck our homes and our temples and our graves with beautiful flowers. This is the Church's great feast day. Our Christ, once crucified, is risen from the dead, and dieth no more. The Christian's faith is confirmed and his Savior is restored. Those women also had great joy because they would see Him again. Only the other day they had seen Him,

stripped and bound to a cruel tree; from his tender palms and feet and side had flowed His precious blood. They had heard His cry of agony, and witnessed His tender forgiveness for the very men who were crying for His death. They had seen His body limp and lifeless, hastily wrapped in the grave-clothes and borne away to this borrowed tomb. His face was white and expressionless. Those kindly hands were still. That loving heart had stopped. Now, they depart quickly from the sepulcher with their hearts filled with joy in the expectation that they would soon see Him again. He would be aflush with life. Once more they would hear His kindly voice; they would grasp His friendly hand; once more their own hearts would grow warm in His sweet fellowship. I do not wonder that they ran. What feet could be swift enough to hurry one back into the presence of the dear one that was counted as dead? We, too, this morning may depart quickly from the sepulcher with a sepulcher joy, because we may not only see Him who died for us alive for evermore (we never have seen Him in the flesh), but He will even be to us also in that day "the fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." Moreover, that resurrected One said that "He that believeth in Me shall

never die;" and He announced Himself as the "first-fruits of them that slept;" and He hence has given us the glorious hope that we shall not only see *Him,* but we shall see our loved ones who shall be raised by the Power that lifted Him from the rock-cut tomb. This is the joy that keeps us from despair. This is why in the midst of our loneliness we are not without hope. This is why we can bear to press our way along life's highway, because we know that at the end of the journey, there will welcome us the dear ones who ran ahead of us a little way and passed out of our sight. They will meet us and greet us again. They also had great joy because it meant to them that, when their time on earth should come to die, the grave would be incapable of holding their bodies in its cold embrace. They remembered now that Jesus said, "Because I live, *ye* shall live also," and I am sure they ran with lighter feet because they had in their hearts the assurance that the grave could not hold a believer in Jesus. It meant their own victory over the grave. And so we who are here to-day have the same sepulcher joy, begotten of a like faith in Him who is able to raise us also from the dead.

We may not know just what form our bodies shall take in the resurrection. We are not, indeed,

so much concerned either about the method which Christ shall employ in that mighty miracle, or in just what way our soul and body shall be reunited; but we all do find our hearts thrilled as we contemplate the time when, after death has done its worst to these bodies which we have so long since learned to love, this house of clay in which we have lived, and which has become our dear home during all our past years of consciousness, shall continue to be associated with us in whatever delight and service and victory the future may have in store for us. We will not argue nor contend about the miracle involved, but we will take the glorious promise to our hearts and believe in a God in whom is *all* power and wisdom, leaving it to Him to work out the process by which the miracle shall be effected. We rejoice in the fact, being unable to explain it all.

That visit that morning gave those women also a sepulcher inspiration. Learning of Christ's resurrection, they did not go apart, sit down and rejoice in their newly-found faith and hope. It is quite natural when men find a rich treasure to conceal it until they can wholly possess it. They rarely want to share it with others. This fact makes me al-

ways suspicious of any circular letters which are sent to me, announcing that some rich gold-mine has been discovered in Alaska, and the discoverer is exceedingly anxious to have me share his wealth with him, and if I will only give him a little of my money to help him develop it, he will make me a millionaire. With this exception, you rarely find a man who is anxious to share with strangers any newly-found treasure that has a money value. But when we find the "Pearl of great price," we want to *share* it with others. Somehow, we really can not best enjoy this rich treasure if we attempt to enjoy it by ourselves. These women did the most natural thing in the world. They departed quickly and ran to bring the news to others. It has always been so. The first impulse of a new convert is to tell the news to some one else and get him to enjoy the same glad experience with him. The spread of the present Welsh revival is due not so much to the fact that eloquent ministers in the pulpit preached the Gospel to the multitude, but to the fact that each new convert departed quickly to find some unsaved relative or friend, and would not cease until he had secured him as a convert to his Savior. Those women that Easter morning were

the first great messengers to tell of the resurrected Christ to a dying world. They hurried to tell the disciples, and then when the disciples learned of it, *they* told it to others; and so all Jerusalem came to know it. Thousands on Pentecost gathered in Jerusalem on the great feast day from all parts of the country, heard of this resurrected Jesus, and then went out into all lands carrying the same message to the regions beyond. When the hour had come for Christ to leave His disciples and go back to the "glory which He had with the Father before the world was," His last command given them as He stood on the summit of Olivet, was to go out into all the world and tell every creature what they themselves had learned. It was a hard thing for a Jew to do—to share his religious faith with a Gentile world. He came by and by to learn how to do it; and as a result soon the regions beyond came to hear of the resurrected Jesus. Soon Europe is made to flame with the new faith. Within three centuries Rome had taken down her eagles and in their place had run up the Sign of the Cross. Within three centuries the fire had been put out on every Jewish altar, and every Roman and Grecian idol had toppled from its pedestal. The inspiration be-

gotten in the breasts of those women when they found that their Christ was alive, and driving them out to proclaim the glad news to others, is the sort of joy that best portrays the genuineness of the faith and hope of every believer. However glad we may profess to be in the knowledge that our Lord has risen, it will count for but little if we hug the glad message to our own hearts and refuse to tell it out to others. If we, indeed, have this day been with the women to the sepulcher and found it empty, we, too, will depart quickly, and, with the inspiration begotten by the confirming of our faith and the enlarging of our own joy, will run and tell others the great truth we have found. I want every man and woman who is here to-day to know Christ is not dead, but alive for evermore. I want you to know that my Christ is your Christ, and that what He is to me, He will be to you. I want all those darkened souls in our city slums to know that Jesus Christ is risen; so that they, too, by faith in Him, may be rid of their sins and lifted into a higher and a sweeter life. Don't you? I want the four hundred millions in China to know that Jesus Christ has risen and is their Savior, too. Don't you? I want the three hundred millions in India who have

so long groped in darkness, trying to find the light, to know that Jesus Christ is their Savior, and that He is not dead, but has risen. Do n't you? I want the uncounted millions in Africa who are so benighted, bowed down to creatures of their own handiwork, to know that Jesus Christ risen is the only true and living God, and that if they will but worship Him, He will exalt them into a larger civilization and uplift them into a loftier life. Do n't you? You and I may not be able to bear this message ourselves. We are so situated that we can not run very quickly or very far; but, doubtless, each of you has had placed within your power some opportunity by which you may have some little part in sending some one else in your stead to tell of the risen Christ. You and I may be represented by some one whom we have sent to India, or to Africa, or to China, and the loving Christ will be as glad to know that that missionary is not only the bearer of the message for his own sake, but also for ours; and He will as surely say to us who have made his going possible, "Well done," as He shall say it to him who has gone himself.

I doubt not there are those here to-day who are saying within themselves, "O, if I, like the

Marys, had actually made that pilgrimage that first Easter morning to Joseph's tomb, and had seen the stone rolled away by the flaming angel, and heard the voice telling me that 'He is not here; He has risen,' I, too, might rush on swift feet from the sepulcher and have my own heart filled with this inspiration about which you speak; and I, too, would be glad to tell others what I had known for myself. If I had only seen His face, or if I could only see Him now, how different would it be, how much easier; but it seems so hard to believe it all, and tell it all, when I have never heard the accents of His voice nor caught the sweet vision of His face." To all such here to-day I would put answer in form like this:

"It were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see!
If He would stand, with that gaze intense
Burning into our bodily sense;
If we might look on that face most tender,
The brow where the scars are turned to splendor,
Might catch the light of His smile so sweet,
And view the marks in His hands and feet,
How loyal we should be!
It were not hard, we think, to serve Him,
If we could only see!"

It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve;
'He that doeth the will of Heaven,
To him shall knowledge and sight be given!'
While for His presence we sit repining,
Never we see His countenance shining;
They who toil where His reapers be
The glow of His smile may always see,
And their faith can never swerve.
It were not hard, He says, to see Him,
If we would only serve."

VII.

LIFE'S JERUSALEM.

"Behold, we go up to Jerusalem."—Luke xviii, 31.

In the Greek Chapel in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, there is a short marble pillar set in the middle of the floor, which is said to mark the center of the earth. One smiles at the statement, and yet is it not true that Jerusalem is to-day the polar star towards which millions of Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians alike, are drawn? Around what other city do so many holy interests cluster? From my early childhood I had wanted to see Jerusalem. It was one of the goals toward which I pointed my life. I looked forward with keenest joy to the day when, rising in my stirrups, I might catch my first glimpse of the Holy City. Every traveler privileged with the opportunity of seeing Jerusalem, regards that as one of his highest joys. It is easy to understand why Jerusalem has attractions for the Jew. For thousands of years it was the capital of his proud kingdom. Around it clustered the most sacred memo-

ries. In it were transacted many of the most important events in Jewish history. To this day, every orthodox Jew counts it his highest privilege to make a pilgrimage there, and, if possible, spend his declining years within its walls, and be buried in its sacred soil. There are to-day in the city many devout Jews who are kept there through the benefactions of their rich brethren in other lands, in order that they may there, at the holy places, make prayers in their behalf. No one can witness the scene on a Friday at the Jews' wailing place without being profoundly stirred. To this day millions of Jews still look forward in hope to the time when Jerusalem shall again be the capital of a reorganized Jewish kingdom and take its place once more among the great.

Jerusalem is also one of the sacred cities of the Mohammedans, and, possibly, next to Mecca, is considered by them the most sacred. Surely the Mosque of St. Omar, erected on the site of the Jewish temple on Mt. Moriah, is at least held as the third sacred mosque in the estimation of the devout Mohammedan. For hundreds of years no Jewish or Christian foot was permitted to cross its threshold. To-day Jerusalem is a Mohammedan city more than it is either Christian or Jewish. Its

mosque is far more important in point of beauty and attractiveness than any of its Jewish synagogues, or even the Church of the Holy Sepulcher itself.

We Christians all know the attractive power of Jerusalem for us. We value its history, not only because of its Jewish connections, but chiefly for the reason that it was the city where talked, walked, suffered, and died our Divine Redeemer. Every devout Christian would count it a supreme joy to walk the streets of the same city in which Jesus Christ preached, wrought miracles, suffered persecution, died, and arose again from the dead. When I am asked what city, of all the cities of the world I have visited, is the one which I enjoyed the most, without hesitation I reply, "Jerusalem." This city had a strange attraction for Jesus from His earliest childhood. It requires but little imagination to picture Him at twelve years of age, going up with His family to the great city. How His boyish heart must have bounded in anticipation of the pleasure! I can see Him running ahead to the highest point on Mt. Scopus, as the little family caravan is making its way from Nazareth to the city, in order that He may be the first to catch a glimpse of the Temple's turrets, and see the wonderful city about which

He had been hearing all His life. I am not surprised that He was loath to leave it, and that when the other members of the family had departed for their Nazareth home, he tarried behind in order to lengthen His stay in the interesting city.

After He had begun His public career, and had known something of the joy of success and the disappointment of failure, He and His disciples were on their way up to the capital. In announcing His intention to visit Jerusalem, He tells His twelve disciples that He is making this journey "in order that all things that are written concerning the Son of man shall be accomplished."

From His earliest conscious moment, Jerusalem had been the goal of His life. He knew that somehow His earthly career would end in the City of David. All He ever said or did was in some measure related to the final tragedy in His life, which would occur in the great city. Whether He was talking in the grain-fields, or preaching in the villages, or talking to the multitudes from a boat on the shore of Galilee, He had His heart fixed on the city where He was at last to crown His earthly career by His final act of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice for a sinful world. Holman Hunt has painted a picture of the boy Christ standing in His

father's carpenter-shop at evening time, stretching His arms, in the weariness of His day's toil, and thereby casting a shadow like that of a cross on the floor, as the setting sun streamed through the western window. That was not altogether an accident, for surely from His boyhood hours He was constantly under the shadow of the cross. He was always walking up toward Jerusalem.

It is thus with every one of us. Every life has its Jerusalem. We are all walking towards it. Life's success or failure depends upon the character of the goal toward which we are struggling. One never arrives at any place worth while without struggle. No ship on any sea ever merely drifts into any worthy haven. The reason why so many fail in life is because they go out on life's high sea without chart or compass, without sail or rudder, and are drifted by every wind that blows and are heaved by every tide that flows. No wonder life's shore-line is crowded with so much of human wreckage. What master on any vessel that sails the sea ever slips his cable and sails out below the sky-line who does not know as well the point for which he is sailing as he knows the slip from which he let go his anchorage? My quarrel with the average youth of the average town is this—he simply drifts.

He is satisfied with the mediocre and the commonplace. He speaks only the language taught him in the home. He performs only the task set him by a superior will. He remains always in the same spot where he first happened to strike the planet. He lacks purpose. He is satisfied with whatever may happen to come his way. He has no lofty aim. Lowell speaks a noble word to such as these:

> "Grandly begin; though thou have time
> But for one line, be that sublime;
> Not failure, but low aim is crime."

One's life is wholly fixed by the character of its aim. What are you seeking? What do you like? Ruskin said, "Tell me what you like, and I will tell you what you are." And he was right; for it is not so much what one does or believes, but what he enjoys, that determines his character. One may be so circumstanced that he is compelled to do things which are not of his own choosing. One may be so reared that his beliefs are furnished him second-hand. But one's own loves mold his character, more than his tasks. What a man loves to do decides his ideal and desires, and these are the potent factors in character-building, for no man will rise above his ideal. There is no one element more potent in the determination of a worldly career

than singleness of aim or oneness of purpose. The men and women who have accomplished anything in life worth while are they who have done some one thing, and done that one thing well. Watt, Cartwright, Morse, Fulton, Edison, Marconi,—these are they who have devoted themselves to some one worthy pursuit, and have made their names forever memorable. This was the secret of Napoleon's success. He ever saw in the sky above his head what he called his star, which beckoned him on. He tried one winter night to get his uncle, the Cardinal Fesch, to see it, but the uncle replied, "I see no star." Napoleon said, "I do;" and always lived as though he really saw it. The secret of Paul's success is due to his motto, "This one thing I do." No wonder he was the instrument in the hands of God of driving idolatry from Europe, and establishing wherever he went the Christian faith. On the tomb of Joseph II, of Austria, are carved these words:

> "Here lies a monarch, with the best of intentions,
> Who never carried out a single plan."

In the pursuit of temporal and material things, this law which I am emphasizing holds good. In all the walks of life, they only have won the truest success who have kept their lives keyed to some

one important issue. It is so in the realm of our moral being. No one may hope to grow into the purest and strongest character who has not ever before him the highest ideal of a perfect life. Indeed, no purpose in life may be said to be truly high which does not seek to be like Christ. Important as was the sacrificial act of Christ's life, next in importance is the power of His holy example to enamor men with pure goodness and entice them to a similar perfection. In all our emphasis upon Christ's atonement, we must not forget the immeasurable potency of His example. He stands out before every aspiring soul as the "Fairest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely." Every youth, if he would attain to his highest, should make the Jerusalem of his life nothing less than perfection of character as revealed in Jesus Christ. So lofty is human life, so worthy is a human soul, that God would set before him as an ideal nothing short of the Divine. The only being worthy of any man's imitation is the perfect good Man, such as was Jesus Christ. No youth has a Jerusalem toward which he is struggling worthy of him which is located anywhere this side of the stars.

"For lasting fame and solid happiness,
He builds too low who builds beneath the stars."

The ultimate goal of every life should be to reign with Christ. I call you this hour to the settling of your purpose upon a holy life that is in some way worthy of you. Do not be satisfied with anything short of the development of your highest and noblest being. It is possible for you to win what the world calls success, and have your name enrolled upon its scroll of fame, and yet to have lived ignobly and died unworthily. He only attains to success who has acquired that which he can take with him up through the silent air to the throne of God. He only has lived a life worth while who, though poor he may have been as the world calls poverty, attains the riches which are eternal. This is the one high goal toward which every honest-hearted man struggles; and this is the one high reward which every true seeker may gain. Believe me, if you gain that goal and get that reward, it will be because you have *sought* it; your life's bark will never drift into heaven. You will gain that heavenly port because, all through life's storms and stresses, you kept ever your bark's prow pointed toward that desired haven.

In your journey up to your life's Jerusalem, you will have no time for foolishness. In the morning of your life, when the blood bounds strongly

through your veins, and your youthful nature prompts you to look upon the rosy side of things, and all your skies are rainbowed with promise, and it would seem as though no dark day for you could dawn and no serious ill in life overtake you, you need to remind yourself that life is something more than one long holiday. God wants you to be happy. He has made it possible for every earthly living thing to enjoy its existence. The young of all the brute creation gambol and play. If any one in all God's created universe has a right to be happy it is he who is made in His likeness. It is for you to be happy, but you need to learn that your chief business in life is not to secure amusement. There is a time to work as well as a time to play. You must early learn that the pleasures of life are to be secondary pursuits. They are to come to you, not as things primarily sought in themselves, but which come unexpected, while in pursuit of the more important affairs of life. No man's life is so sure of failure and no man's life comes to be so contemptible in the sight of others, as the life of him who is wholly given to the pursuit of pleasure. Believe me, you have no time on your way up to your life's Jerusalem to loiter by the way and dally only with pleasure. You are wasting precious time. The

serious duties of life are calling to you. You must be about your Father's business.

You must also understand that you are not to give too much of your time to doubts and perplexities. If you keep standing at every crossroads, doubting as to which road to take, or which road will afford you the most pleasure by the way, you will never get anywhere. God has plainly put up His finger-boards along the highway of life, and you will make no mistake if you follow according to the divine direction. You will make neither progress nor gain success from faltering and delay, because you have not had solved for you all the mysteries that you may meet. If you should undertake the folly of refusing to eat your next meal until all the mysteries of digestion are fully explained to you, you will starve. You must learn in matters spiritual as well as material, to take some things for granted, and accept the testimony of those who have gone before you. Do not stand upon the threshold of a religious life, refusing to enter it because you have not had explained to you all the mysteries of the Bible. Such a course is as foolish as to refuse a drink of water when you are thirsty, because you do not understand how the fluid can bring to you the relief that you need. When you

are thirsty, you ask no questions, but drink. God has made ample provisions in His Word for your guidance. Trust it. Do what it tells you. Go where it tells you. You will never get anywhere worth while, you surely will never attain to any Jerusalem in life worth having, if you stand at life's crossroads quibbling about minor things, which only hinder your progress and blast your life.

You will find on your way up to your Jerusalem a thousand temptations assailing you from right and left, and you will be tempted to sit down and ask yourself how much harm will come to you if you indulge in this sin, or that. I want to warn you that life's work is too serious for you to spend any time inquiring how much harm may come to you if you do certain forbidden things. Rather ask yourself, how much good will come to you if you indulge in the thing prohibited. The thoughtful youth is concerned more for the good he can get out of any course of action than to be able to measure simply the harm which will come if he engages in it. Remember, you are in serious business. You are undertaking a journey which must end in the highest joy or the deepest despair. Every step of the way depends upon your own choosing. God is willing to help you, but He will not force you. No

omnipotent hand will drag you unwillingly up the steeps and into some undesired heaven. If you gain the best things in time and the best things in eternity, you must keep ever before your mind the chief aim of all your struggling, and refuse all temptation to loiter and dally by the way. You are a king going up to your kingdom, and "the king's business demands haste."

On your way up to your life's Jerusalem, there will be, necessarily, some struggle. Mark you, if your goal is worth while, the pathway that leads to it is up, and not down. It requires effort to ascend. It is easy to slide down. It has been said that *any* dead fish can float down stream with the current, but it requires a live one to swim up against it. Do not always expect smooth sailing. That is a golden hour when in some favorable time your life's bark is launched amidst the huzzahs of the multitude and the fluttering of banners. It seems an easy thing to slip down the well-oiled ways into the quiet waters which so gently welcome. Do not fancy that because all the waters around you are so smooth the day you set out to sea, that there are no storms awaiting you yonder below the sky-line. I would not discourage you, but I would warn you that your life's journey must have in it some pain as well as

pleasure. If you are of heroic spirit this news will not daunt you; indeed, the very struggle through which you will pass, will strengthen the purpose of your heart.

Going back to that little group surrounded by Jesus, to whom He said, "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem," remember, He told them that He went, knowing full well what awaited Him in the city; but He was not daunted. He knew no discouragement. Do you not sometimes wonder why He did not flinch? He must have known something of the betrayal and the mocking and the scourging and the spitting upon, and the heavy cross, the cruel spikes, and the dying agony. Do you wonder, in view of that fact, that He did not waver? When you think of it, would you not wonder if He *had* flinched, knowing Him as you do? It was just like Him to go in spite of it all. Let me know the strength of a man, and I need not be surprised at any act which he performs.

During a summer visit to Italy I wondered at the versatility of Michael Angelo. I had seen his "Moses" in the Church of San Pietro in Vinculi. I had seen his unfinished groups of statuary in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo. I had walked under his towering dome in St. Peter's. I had gazed, en-

tranced, at his marvelous frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. I had been somewhat familiar with his poetry; but I could not understand how one mind could be so colossal and versatile. It was only on returning home, when reading Grimm's biography of this Italian genius, that I came to expect almost anything from a mind like Angelo's. You may wonder at the popularity of Alfred Tennyson, and be unable to comprehend his popularity among the English-speaking people; but I ask you to read these two lines in his poem entitled "Maude," and you will no longer wonder that people will sit at the feet of such a poet:

> "For her feet had touched the meadow,
> And left the daisies rosy."

None but God's true poet could write lines like that. Study the life of Alfred Tennyson, and you will not be surprised at any lines which may fall from his pen. Do you ever wonder at the works of nature? Are you ever appalled at the evidences of its power? Are you ever astonished at the evidence of its designs? Does your faith somewhat falter in the presence of the Bible's recorded miracles? Get acquainted with God, and when once you know Him, you will find that everything in His world follows

as a thing to be expected and as a matter of course. If you know Jesus, you will not wonder that in spite of the bonds and the imprisonments, in spite of the stripes and the crucifixion, He unflinchingly walked up the rocky highways to His Jerusalem.

It may be so with us. There are battles to be fought with evil. There are burdens which we must bear alone; and yet no task will prove too hard for us if we only employ God's proffered help. It does not seem like vain boasting in Paul to say, "I can do all things," because he immediately added, "through Christ which strengtheneth me." We can make like boast if we rely on like help. Do not be afraid of the hard things which may come into your life, because for all those things great strength will be given you. Would you not rather have a great task and the corresponding great strength with which to perform it, than to have only little tasks, because you have only little strength with which to meet them? I have a friend who rides a bicycle. His legs have sinews like steel. He tells me he never comes to a hill which he is not able to mount. As I think of that friend, I say to myself, as I ride my bicycle, "I would rather have the strength of my friend that will enable me to drive my wheel up any gradient, than to be so cir-

cumstanced as to be able only to ride my wheel upon the level." Then, in view of the mighty aid which God will render you, do not worry about the struggles which you are to meet. Go forth like men and face them! Meet them, not in your own strength, but in the strength of God! Be enamored of a noble life. Let no present allurement in any path of mere temporary pleasure entice you. Keep your face set like a flint toward your Jerusalem. Be ambitious for yourself. Others are interested in you. Why should you not be interested in yourself? I once saw a picture painted by Retzsch, in which he portrays the angels, good and bad, fighting for the soul of Faust. The angels from the heavenly battlements are hurling roses down upon the heads of those who are opposing Faust, and before those roses reach their destination they have turned to burning coals of fire. The picture is but a portrayal of the great fact that every soul has interested in his success or failure other personalities. You fight not alone. A goodly company not only observes but is engaged in your behalf. The good would win you. The evil would damn you. Who will get your soul? Be assured that they who are for you are more than they who are against you; and if you will but ally yourself with

the heavenly powers, you may gain for yourself victory over all your opposing foes. Grow for yourself a character that shall be like your Lord's, and shall be fitted for the kingdom which shall never end. Keep ever in mind that you are on a journey. You, too, are going up to your Jerusalem.

VIII.

THE IMPARTIAL GOD.

"God is no respecter of persons."—Acts x, 34.

And yet, how slow we are to believe it! Do you recall your childish prayer?

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."

A great many "I's" in a very short prayer! And then you remember when you were permitted to add a little to it, and you said: "And God bless papa and mamma, brothers and sisters, Uncle John, and Aunt Mary. Amen." You see, your prayers began to be a little more inclusive, and were for others than yourself. We began our religious life in a very selfish way. I recall my boyhood idea of what a Christian should be. He was to be a Methodist. I then thought that when the whole world became Christian, everybody would belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. As I grew older, I

was led to believe that there were good people in other Churches, and one did not need to go to heaven by way of membership in my Church. We Christians are getting every year broader ideas in regard to God's great kingdom. Some of us have advanced far enough to believe that there are good Roman Catholics, who may, by the mercy of God, get to heaven. Some good Protestants have not yet acquired that grace. One of the best signs of the coming kingdom is this growing charity for fellow Christians. As never before since Christ offered His prayer for Christian unity have there been so many of His followers living in the bonds of real Christian love.

In our early childhood we were taught that God loves good little children, that if we wanted God to love us we must be good. I recall a little scene on a lake-boat some summers ago. It was evening. The lamps had been lighted in the saloon, and a mother not far from where I was writing at a table, was preparing her little boy, three or four years of age, for bed. He did not want to leave the company and was putting off the time of retiring as long as he could by asking questions. By and by the mother said, "Now, my little darling, if you do not undress and go to bed, God will not love you.

You will be a bad little boy." He took up the suggestion and said, "Mamma, God does not like bad little boys, does He?" and she replied, "No, He does not; and if you do not let me get you ready for bed you will be a bad little boy, and God will not love you." He replied, "Mamma, God does not like bad people, does He?" "No, my child." "Say, mamma, God does not like tramps, does He?" "No, my child." And as I overheard the mother's answer, I felt as though I would like to say to the little child, "Your mamma is mistaken; God does like tramps. God likes all men, and the more fallen and needy and lost they are, the more His great heart goes out in boundless love for them."

Do you recall how Jesus sought out the wicked? See Him in search of the lost, and you may know how God, His Father and ours, loves the sinner; for as Jesus loved, God loves. See Jesus in search of the rich wicked. He was entering Jericho, and the richest man in town had been ostracized by the orthodox folk of the place. The little man had climbed a tree to catch a view of the passing Savior. He was the last man whom they would have selected as a convert to the new faith; but Jesus saw in him the possibilities of true holiness and spoke to him,

and invited Himself to dine with him, and won him to His heart forever.

Look at that rich young Jew seated at the receipt of customs, taxing his fellow-Jews and hated by them all. He would not have been selected by any orthodox Jew for any place of trust and responsibility; for he had made himself a partner to the despised Roman Empire, and was collecting money to help run the Roman Government; but Jesus saw in him a future disciple, and called him to follow Him, which he did, and became one of His able and potent powers for good for all time. God can love even a rich sinner, and though it may be hard to woo and win him, Jesus was as ready to die for him as for the poorest of men.

See Jesus seeking for the poor wicked. He entered a town one day, and found that there was one poor blind man who was counted so low and unworthy that he was the most despised man in the community, and was not permitted to enter the synagogue, and had He asked who was the most wretched man in the place He would have been told that it was this very blind man,—too mean to associate with his kind. That poor fellow was the very one in all the town whose condition appealed most to the heart of the Savior. He sought Him

and found Him. He healed him and restored him to good standing among his fellows. A man seeking friends in a strange city would wish to associate himself with the most popular, but Jesus would search out the most needy and save the most wicked man in all the place.

See Jesus seeking the outcast wicked. One day, while standing in the temple court, a group of men came dragging into His presence a despised woman of the town. They charged her with an ugly sin, and said she had been caught in the very act. They reminded Him that it was the requirement of the law that she should be put to death. They would have Him decide her lot and declare judgment. They told the whole ugly tale of her revolting sin. It was so unclean that He, the pure in heart, would not look them in the face while they recounted it; and so, in sheer modesty, He turned aside and stooped down as though He would write on the floor and kept His face averted until they had told their story; and when they were done, without looking up, He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," and then by and by looking up He discovered that her accusers had fled, and He, infinite Purity, was left alone with her—infinite im-

purity—upon the temple-floor. He spoke words to her that cut her to the quick. The sight of Him awakened deepest penitence and sorrow for her sin. He saw there the penitent heart, and speaking words of pardon sent her away with a new joy in her soul and a new song on her lips. Those men who brought her into His presence would not have dared associate with her on the street; but the loving Savior saw in her a possible disciple, and His great heart went out in love for her who had been regarded as an outcast in the town.

See Jesus seeking the Gentile wicked. He was in Syro-Phœnicia, away from the habitations of the Jews, trying to get a little rest from His arduous labors, when a poor woman came to Him, pleading that He might heal her afflicted daughter. She had heard of the mighty Stranger and wanted to secure His services for the cure of her loved one. The disciples would have driven her away, and Jesus, to test her sincerity, seemed to sympathize with His disciples in their rebuffs and refusals; but when He had satisfied Himself, or rather, when He had shown to His disciples how much faith she possessed, He freely answered her prayer, restored to health her daughter, and gave those narrow Jewish disciples of His an illustration of how His great

heart went out to all men, even beyond the confines of Jewry. Thus we see that when Jesus was among us He was not blinded by station. He was not repelled by sin. He only wanted to save the souls of men regardless of their worldly position.

By and by the hour came when Jesus was alone with His disciples for the last time on earth! He had led them out over the brow of Olivet, had had those last words of sweet fellowship and counsel, and then gave to them His last earthly commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and a cloud suddenly received Him out of their sight. As they stood astonished they could doubtless hear the angelic choir welcoming Him back to His rightful throne, singing, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, for the King of Glory shall come in;" and then, when they had somewhat recovered themselves from the shock of the parting and the strangeness of it all, I fancy on looking into each other's faces they said, "What is it that He told us to do—'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature?'" That was a hard saying for those narrow-minded Jews; a hard thing for them to believe that God could have a regard for the salvation of men who were not the chil-

dren of Abraham, His chosen. It was a hard thing for Peter to realize that God planned to redeem His children beyond the confines of his own nation. You will remember that he was in Joppa at the home of his old friend, Simon the tanner, by the seashore. He was asleep on the housetop and had that remarkable vision which seemed to be necessary in order to make him tall enough to look over his Jewish prejudices and be willing to offer salvation to any man who was not a Jew. He did it; but it seemed, in view of all his after life, under a sort of protest. In spite of all his close fellowship in those years with the Master, Peter, nor any of his fellows, was qualified to carry the Gospel to the regions beyond the Jewish province. When Jesus would have an apostle to bear the glad tidings to the outer world, He was compelled to lay His hands upon another sort of man. He picked the ripest scholar of that time. He laid His hand upon the most intelligent soul in all Jerusalem. He saw in this schooled Jew the making of a great apostle; and so He selected Saul, of Tarsus, a man tall enough to look over his Jewish prejudices, educated so that he could present his case in the cultured centers of the world, and with a soul alive with zeal that would not quail in the presence of

any persecution from Damascus to Rome, and up to the moment when his head fell into the executioner's basket. The other apostles were too strongly possessed of Jewish prejudice ever to be successful evangelists for the Gentile world. They were untutored, ignorant men, and possessed the prejudices of ignorance. Paul may have been as intensely Jewish, but his wide learning and splendid educational equipment made him a mighty agency under God for the evangelization of mankind. It was hard, it is still hard, for a Jew to believe that God cares as much for other folk as for the lineal descendants of Abraham.

If we look at the Greek world of Christ's time we will discover that this cultured people were as narrow in their views of unity as the Jews. They seemed to think that their little nation was the special favorite of the gods. They prided themselves upon their intellect and physical culture. They reared their proud temples and carried on their educational institutions looking with extremest contempt upon all other people who had not their superior advantages. They called all beside themselves "barbarians."

The Romans were a little broader than the Greeks; and yet how proud and self-satisfied they

were with themselves! When Rome was at the height of her civic power and splendor, the vast majority of its people were slaves, and very few were citizens. Paul made no vain boast when he declared that he was a Roman citizen. It was one thing to be a Roman subject and a very different thing to be a Roman citizen, entitled to all the rights and prerogatives of a citizen of that vast empire. Rome had her patrician class and all the rest were common plebeians. In the light of these historical facts, recalling the bigotry of the Jew, the narrowness of the Greeks, and the prejudice of the Romans, we ought not to be surprised that this idea of prejudice crept into the faith of the early Christians. Augustine stamped upon the faith of the early Christian Church this narrow conception of the divine election. Men came to believe that God did not love all men, and was a respecter of persons. He gave His Son to die for the elect few, and passed by the reprobate many. The doctrine of election clung to the Church through all its early history, and has come down even to the present time. There was a widespread notion that God did not love the whole world; that the divine love in no sense included all men. If Methodism had done nothing else than fight away at this false doctrine of

the early Church; if it had done nothing else than drive this narrow doctrine of election out of practically every Christian pulpit in Europe and America, it had done well. We must not forget that the broad Christian unity and charity of our day, which assert that Christ died for all men, and that "whosoever will, may be saved," are due to the untiring efforts of the founders of Methodism and followers of John Wesley. It has come to pass that the pulpits of all the evangelical Churches of our land are to-day preaching practically the same Gospel. As never before in the history of the Christian Church the whole Christian world believes that the old statement made so long ago is true—that "God is no respecter of persons."

To-day, as never before, the Church is undertaking to keep Christ's last command, and is going out into all the world to preach the Gospel. As men go forward to proclaim the way of salvation to a dying world, there are still those who are ready to say: "The heathen nations are satisfied with their form of religion, and why should we attempt to force our faith upon them?" "Their religion is good enough for them: why should we disturb them with our faith? They want no change. They are not crying for a new religion." This is only

true when a heathen nation is utterly ignorant of Christianity. To-day the heathen world is becoming acquainted with the religion of Jesus Christ, and is actually welcoming His ministers; and the cry for workers is so great that the Christian Church is finding it difficult to answer their appeals and to secure missionaries in sufficient numbers to go to their help. Much of the heathen world has come in our day to see the superior advantages of our Christian faith. They see the superior citizenship which it generates and fosters, and it is not surprising that they wish also to profit by the benefits of a higher and nobler religion. So far as we Christians are concerned, we know the superior advantages of Christianity. We know what it has done for the individual. When we look into our own hearts and discover what Jesus has done for us, what He is to us every day; when we recall what we were without Him, and what we have come to be with Him, we can not but wish, with all our souls, that every other person in this land and in every land might have the same experience. We know what Christianity has done for the home. We can not help contrasting the life of these millions of heathen with our own. Our homes are full of comforts and blessing. Their homes abound in neg-

lect and misery. We have schools for the culture of morals and intellect; they have none. We have skilled physicians to attend us when stricken with disease; they have none, save those who are sent as missionaries. Forty million heathen die annually. The death-roll of China alone nearly equals in three months the total population of London. A woman in India broke both her limbs, which decayed and fell off at the break for want of medical attention. Imagine her suffering, yet helpless and neglected. We have a religion which advances purity and promotes the love of truth; but their religion often reeks with the very sediments of vileness. We have our Christian Church with its holy Book, its sacred day, its consecrated ministry, its stately and inspiring service. The heathen temple has its senseless idols, its low and revolting ceremonies, presided over by sensuous priests and priestesses. Our mothers care for our infant girls with motherly love and tenderness. In China little girls are sold in the cities like chattels, and generally for the vilest of purposes. We educate our girls and prepare them for every possible form of usefulness; but in Japan the father frequently compels his daughter to enter a life of shame and misery that he may profit by her debauchery and ruin. We decorate

the walls of our homes with paintings and precious souvenirs; but the king of Dahomey, a few years since, slew six thousand captives that he might ornament the walls of his palace with their heads. The difference between them and us, between their condition and ours, can only be explained by the fact that we know Christ and they do not. A religion that has done so much for us as individuals, a religion that has converted a hut into a home, and has organized out of the vast seething mass of humanity an intelligent and powerful nation, puts you and me under bond to do all we can to bear this saving grace to all the sons of men. If there were no future life, if our experience were to be bounded by a cradle at one end and a coffin at the other, we should consider it our supremest delight to give our faith to the heathen world for what it will do for them here and now. There can be no doubt in the mind of any intelligent student of current history, that our Christian religion is to-day building, not so much its temples where spires pierce the sky in all Christian lands, but characters which stand four-square before God, fitted for the noble fellowships of heaven. These beautiful Christian characters are to be found wherever the Gospel is given right-of-way to human hearts. There are as beau-

tiful specimens of manhood and womanhood on the banks of the Ganges, and the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the Congo, as on the banks of the Thames or the Hudson.

We need not turn back to the old days of Roman martyrdom to see how Christian men and women have died for their Savior in the declaration of His truth; but in our own day, in far away China, we have seen more martyrs to the Christian faith than the Christian Church has seen for one thousand years. We may know how deeply rooted the Christian faith has come to be in hearts and lives when we recall how thousands of our brethren were willing to suffer the extremest torture, and then at length the pangs of martyrdom, rather than renounce their faith in Him who had died for them. Surely, if our faith is so sweet and saving to all men everywhere, every Christian is under the supremest obligation to see to it that every man everywhere has the opportunity to accept it. It is only the same old narrow belief of exclusiveness that tends to withhold the Gospel from the heathen world. One can not be in sympathy with his Lord; he can not have a saving faith in a God who is no respecter of persons, who will assert that he believes that we should confine our religious efforts

to the salvation of those within our own borders and send no evangel of salvation to the vast dying millions beyond our nation's boundary line. Who is so narrow as to complain of the cost in dollars and cents? Indeed, we are spending so much as a Church upon ourselves at home that the scant pittance we send abroad is hardly worth mentioning. For every hundred cents we spend upon our own Church enterprises in America to-day, we give but two cents—the price of a postage stamp—for foreign missions. Only a postage stamp is taken from every dollar, which the Christian Church raises at home, to send the Gospel to the vast majority in heathen lands. It is a very interesting and all but appalling fact that for every dollar spent in India by our Church to-day, we receive thirty times as great result as we do from the same amount expended at home. Thirty dollars will provide for the annual support of a native preacher in India. And it is a humiliating fact to the preacher at home that the average minister in India to-day secures far more converts annually than he. Indeed, when we compare the growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America with its growth in India and other foreign fields, we will find that we are annually increasing the membership of our Church from the

vast increase of members in the mission fields. Were it not for our rapid growth there we would find that our great Church was decreasing in its membership rather than increasing. I recently heard an eminent Presbyterian layman say that the records of that Church revealed the fact that during a recent year there were twenty-five hundred Presbyterian Churches in America which did not report a single convert. Our Church has, doubtless, a better record than that; but we would be put to severest shame if our annual reports were decreased to the amount of the increased membership which has been added to our rolls during the year in foreign lands. What is needed to-day, more than anything else, in order that Christ's kingdom may come, is more money and more men. No; I make a mistake. We do not need so much more men and more money, as we need more consecration of Christian hearts in this Christian land. When our own hearts are more thoroughly consecrated to our Lord, and we get into more intimate sympathy with His great loving heart for all mankind, then there will be plenty of men and plenty of money to carry on this great work of the Lord. There must be awakened in the Church to-day an all-conquering faith before this world can be saved by our blessed Christ.

He who doubts that this world shall become the kingdom of our God can help on very little this great enterprise. It is faith which brings things to pass; and yet many, who believe that it shall some day be done, say it takes so long it can not be in their time. And yet it might not take so long. If we had only one thousand missionaries at work in all the foreign fields to-day; and each one of the one thousand should be instrumental in gaining but one convert for the Savior, and that one convert should be instrumental in leading one other into the kingdom, and thus each new convert secure another one, it would require only twenty-five years to bring the whole vast heathen world to the feet of our Lord.

The success of Christian missions is one of the wonders of the modern world. One hundred years ago one of the directors of the East India Company declared that missions in India were a sign of sheerest lunacy. But only the other day the lieutenant-general of Bengal said that Christian missions had done more for India than any other agency. He who will, without prejudice, intelligently study the movements of God among the darkened nations of the earth can not help discovering that the heathen foundations are tumbling and tottering. God has

ordered that they shall. He wants our united aid and co-operation. He has not only at His command the consecrated hearts of Christian men and women ready and willing to give themselves and their resources to this splendid enterprise, but He has also at His command all the resources of the physical world. It has always been so. It was said in olden times that the "stars in their courses fought against Sisera." We know also how in the days of Joshua, when he was waging that unequal warfare against the five kings of Gibeah, that the very sun and moon stood in the high heavens and the day lengthened in order to give victory to God's own. We recall how in the ancient days of the Greeks, when it would appear as though the Asiatic civilization might dominate the Western civilization of Europe, when that little company of noble Greeks on the Plain of Marathon would hold back the invading host of Persians, and when it seemed that the vast superior numbers of the Persians would utterly annihilate the little band that in the afternoon the burning rays of the Western sun darting like fire in the eyes of the Persians, who were pushing their way to the westward, blinded them; and then each Greek picked his man and slew him, and those who did not fall by the sword became routed, turned

and fled, and escaped into the sea. God, when He wills, can hold back a vast army by the silent, yet powerful, rays of His sun in the heavens.

One day it looked as though Spanish civilization would dominate England. Spain's proud Armada set off to conquer the inhabitants of the British Isles. God did not intend that that type of Christian civilization should be dominant. Onlookers would have said, "The Armada is invincible, and England is all but sure of defeat." But God only needed to send a storm out of the northwestern sky, and in one short hour the waves of God's ocean ingulfed Spain's proud fleet.

One day it looked as though the arch-murderer of Europe would be the final conqueror of the continent, and even grind Wellington's army into the soil of Belgium. Any prophet might have foretold that Napoleon, not Wellington, would be the victor at Waterloo. God did not intend it. All He needed to do was to send rain from the heavens, and drench the deep soil of the plain with copious floods, so that on the morrow, when Napoleon went forth to give orders for the battle, he discovered that his heavy batteries could not be brought up because of the mud, and he ordered that they should wait until the sun should have dried up the roads. That gave

time for Blucher's re-enforcements to arrive, and we all know that it was God's rain more than Wellington's army that defeated Napoleon.

I have seen a picture in the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence, representing the Battle of Ivry, in which Henry IV, of Navarre, is waging war. As I looked at the picture, the contending forces were in such mingled struggle that it was impossible to say from the viewpoint of an onlooker which side would be victorious. By and by I saw up in the right-hand corner of the picture a company of angels with drawn swords; and that told the story that they who were guarded by the divine forces would win the day. When we often look out over the struggling sons of men, beholding how the forces of light are contending with the forces of darkness, we may sometimes wonder which side will be victorious; but if we only have the eyes of faith we will see many signs giving prophetic promise that the Lord's army will win, and that light will dispel darkness, and that Christ will surely conquer. The God who loves all men alike will see to it that in His own good time all men, everywhere, in all lands, under all suns, shall come to a knowledge of the truth.